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REGINALD HASTINGS;

OR,

A TALE OF THE TROUBLES

IN 164—.

BY

ELIOT Warburton,

AUTHOR OF "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS,"

AND "MEMOIRS OF PRINCE RUPERT AND THE CAVALIERS."

"Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true—no farther, yet precisely so far—is very sure of victory; the falsehood of it alone will be abolished, as it ought to be."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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REGINALD HASTINGS.

CHAPTER I.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears ;
What sights of ugly deaths within mine eyes !

SHAKESPERE.

“HOLLAND, surely, is the worst place in the world for an adventure,” said Bryan to himself as he strolled away to the dwarf’s place of appointment. “The country is flat, the people are flat, the very beer is flat, and the only fish that is foolish enough to come to their shores are but flounders, and such

like. Oh ! but I'm tired of them for a levelling lot—always drinking, and never drunk—always money-making, and never rich—always questioning, and never quarrelling. I'm tired of them and their country, and my blood's falling asleep in me for want of a rousing."

I may here observe, that in detailing his adventures to me, Bryan always accompanied them with such reflections as had occurred to him during their achievement ; also, that in making speeches to himself and in repeating them to me, he made use of Hibernian forms of expression which he never allowed himself to use in English society.

The night was dark, and still, and frosty, as he now proceeded to keep his appointment for his new friend Rabshekah. There were a few stars, but they could scarcely pierce the

sluggish mists that crept along lazily over the low ground. It was only when some object presented itself between the sky and him, that he could perceive its presence, and then it looked gigantic. The tall, dark gable-ends of the houses, and the spectral shadows of some solitary cypress trees, alone met his eyes in the deserted streets.

As he passed on towards the Park, the chill and silence of the night began to affect his spirits strangely, and a vague, superstitious sort of fear to steal upon him. It was a guilty-looking place, he said, and he could just see the thick, icy waters glimmer without any light but their own scum of putrefaction. Those waters would scarcely let the cry of a man they were drowning be heard; his voice would have been choked in their clammy vapours.

“ If it was only the fun of the thing that

I was bent upon," thought Bryan to himself, "I'd just go back again, bad off as I am for diversion; but who knows what villany that Hezekiah may be breeding; and maybe I'd come by the knowledge of it if I went on—so here goes. I wonder what all the frogs can be doing with themselves these long winters."

So he proceeded, endeavouring to divert his thoughts with all sorts of imaginations likely to repel the horror that was hovering over him.

At length he reached the appointed bridge. It was high and narrow, spanning a sluggish canal, together with the narrow tow-path by which the horses drew the treckshutes. Here Bryan placed himself for shelter against the low, but cutting wind that began to creep across the swampy park. While he leaned his head against the arch, he could hear, or rather

feel the sound of approaching footsteps, as they echoed on the frost-bound road; yes, though as yet far off and cautious, he could perceive that they approached him. An indescribable nervous sensation stole over him; he instinctively felt for his pistols in his belt, and their familiar touch reassured him. He groped about him to ascertain his position, and he found there was a niche left in the archway, in order to allow the driver room, as his horses passed by, on the narrow path by the canal. In this niche Bryan ensconced himself, and soon afterwards he heard that firm, heavy tread that could belong but to Hezekiah Doom.

But the divine was not alone; his companion stopped however at some distance from the bridge; and Bryan soon heard that heavy tread above him; then at one side, and then at the other side of the bridge, which he

looked under; but he saw no shadow there, for Bryan had withdrawn himself closely into his sheltering niche. The divine then folded his arms patiently, and stood like a statue close by the canal. In a few minutes his companion joined him, and exclaimed, in sulky half-smothered tones ;

“ Well, what says the imp of darkness ? will Van Beest receive us, and has he found the old Judas ? ”

“ The poor dwarf is not here,” was the calm reply ; “ I fear me the rude boers have injured him.”

“ I tell thee what, John,” returned the unknown with angry impatience, “ thou hast fooled me, not to say thyself, by trusting to this abortion of humanity. S’death, man, could’st thou not have trusted me with thine errand ? ”

“ I could *not*,” coolly replied Hezekiah ;

“nor any living creature but this unhappy dwarf, who was sent unto my necessities at the moment I most needed him, and has never failed me since.”

“Wherein is the imp better than a man endowed with reasonable faculties?” demanded the stranger.

“Because he hath *not* reasonable faculties,” answered the divine, “or so few that they are the more easily controlled. I require for the purposes unto which I am appointed, a blindly unreasoning will, and where else could I find one in England? Moreover, it is a mercy to this creature to make him even an unconscious instrument of good. I once saved him from a cruel death, and he believes ever since that his fate is in my hands; that I have only to speak a word, and the human hounds will again be upon him to rend him

limb from limb, or at least frighten him out of the little soul that their former cruelty has left. I make use of him day and night without pity ; for if left to himself, he would soon fall a victim to his vanity and his vices.”

“ You have described a pleasant coadjutor,” said his companion, in a still moodier voice. “ I only hope the human hounds you speak of, have caught and worried their game ere this ; why wait we now ? ”

“ Because he may yet be here, and it imports us much to know whether this Van Beest is to be relied upon. At his house we shall learn all that relates to the deputies yet live apart without offence to them ; if we enter the town unprepared, we shall have no excuse to dwell separately, and then they will rather be observers upon us, than we

upon them. Secondly, I would know where this runagate dwelleth, for I would not seem ignorant, or have to ask my way."

"John, John;" sternly said his companion, "thou should'st either stick to thy pulpit where thy talent lies, or leave such twaddling altogether, and turn thy strength to stout, worldly work as I do: thou must give up either one world or the other; no man has head or heart enough for both, and, as we're sure of the present one—"

"Would that I could; would that I could—give up the business of the present world, with all its snares;" said Hezekiah sadly: "but a work is given unto me to do, and I may not go back from it until it be accomplished. I have woven a web that no hand but mine own can unravel. Yet I know how hard it is for me to strive against the crooked counsels of our rulers. I know

that thou, Giles Hacker, wast given unto me as an associate, because thy fierce relentless nature would not scruple to execute their will, even unto the death, upon our brethren the deputies—ay, or upon myself, if what they call necessity, required it.”

“It was thine own will that sent thee on this errand ;” replied the other evasively. “It was well known that these deputies were not men to be trusted with the cause, and thou did’st offer, of thine own will, to observe and report—yea, to be a spy upon them. Now, thou art an able penman, no doubt, but hast too much of that other world in thee. Though thou art a match, I will say that for thee, for any living man in argument or courage ; but thou art no match for a hypocrite. This Rutherford can wind thee round his finger, once he gets you into the Book of Job. And then

this daughter of Moab—she whom thou once did boast to be a Miriam, a Jael, a Judith, a Deborah — she hath fled from England with a rantipoling Cavalier and with large wealth ; and still she doth draw thee like a thread. Yea—thou would'st not have it said, even in thine own heart, but it was only when her father was known to have fled thither, that thou did'st feel a call to attend as chaplain on these deputies.”

Giles Hacker, as Hezekiah had called him, had uttered all this in the most bitter and scornful tone ; it did not seem, however, to have produced any irritating effect upon the accused, though the accuser had lashed himself into indignation by his own harangue. Hezekiah remained silent, and Hacker resumed more angrily ;

“ Ay, curse thee and thy Jesuit plans ! but

for thy interference, I should have had this mission to myself, and made good profit of it, besides having the deputies under my thumb all their lives afterwards. I, appointed to be thine associate ! said'st thou ? Nay, but thou wast made *mine*, when thou did'st thrust thyself into this office for a woman's sake. Prove it ! write to the Committee and accuse me of all this ; and see whether men, who have struggled into power like them, can afford to dispense with the service of those who have helped them to do so, like me."

The spirit of Hezekiah at length seemed roused ;

" Profane not," he exclaimed between his teeth, " profane not the sacred cause of a people's faith and freedom by associating it with such vile traders in blood and guilt as thou art. But thou hast well said. I

will write to the Committee and denounce thee; not for thine offences here this night, nor for thy vain boasts and vainer menaces; but for thy black treachery in Waller's plot, when thou wast ready to open the gates of London to the plundering malignants. Yes, I spared thee then, not because thou art of kin unto me; but because I thought, with all thy sins, thy desperate courage and subtlety might yet serve the good cause. I ask pardon of Heaven for supposing its work was to be done by such hands as thine. But ere another week is flown, thou shalt be glad to hide thy face in the uttermost parts of the earth from the wrath of the mighty that goeth forth against thee."

This denunciation made the arch of the bridge re-echo again, before it spread out upon the dank night air, for the wind was

now deadly still. The voice of Hezekiah had gathered strength as it proceeded, and Bryan held his breath to listen for the answer. It sounded—but was voiceless; a heavy stroke, and a faint cry, and the crackling of the ice, with the plash of water, was all that Bryan heard; his feelings had been wrought up to intensity, as the dialogue proceeded, and he would gladly have flung either, or both of the disputants into the water, with his own hands; but when one became the victim of the other, every feeling was merged in the mere impulse of humanity—and retribution too. He rushed from his hiding place, and—relieved against the pale starlit sky,—he could see the dark shadow of a man bending over the water, with a heavy stone that he had wrenched from the coping of the bridge, ready to strike down his enemy if he rose; for all this was instantaneous; and so was

Bryan's action, as with the stock of his pistol he struck the ruffian down ; down upon the yielding ice, which opened to receive, and seemed to suck him in. A half-uttered oath escaped the villain as he fell, and was the last sign of life he ever gave.

Bryan meanwhile, threw himself upon his knees, and broke with his pistol the intervening ice, where Hezekiah had fallen in, then, holding by the bank, he let himself down cautiously into the canal, and soon got hold of the still-struggling body of the divine. To drag him from the water, to lay him at full-length upon the path and rub him vehemently, was the work of a minute, and it succeeded. The half-drowned man recovered by degrees, sufficiently to lean on Bryan's shoulder. At length he was able to proceed slowly towards the town.

"Mercy upon mercy, unworthy that I

am !” were the first words he uttered. He was soon bestowed at a small inn near ours, a surgeon was sent for to attend him, and Bryan speeded home to render an account of his adventures, and to change his own drenched garments.

He found the poor dwarf still sleeping heavily, so he disturbed him not, but descended softly to my room. Having first swallowed an ample cup of mulled sack, he drew two or three long breaths and began his story ; lending to it wonderful effect by his description and imitation of the contending voices.

My resolution was soon taken ; I determined to visit Hezekiah, to confess myself informed of his schemes, and determined to defeat them ; but first of all I endeavoured to see Zillah, and to make her acquainted with all that had passed, except the allusions

that had been made to herself, which I could scarcely bear to think of, much less to repeat.

She heard the relation with deep interest, and made no opposition to my intended search for Hezekiah. Sir Janus was absorbed in a game of chess with Phœbe, and took no notice of my presence. I hastened away with Bryan to the inn, where he had deposited Hezekiah, but the divine was gone. He had left no clue to trace him by ; but a slip of paper was put into Bryan's hands by the innkeeper, and on it was written,

“I request my deliverer to meet me at the same place to-morrow at nine o'clock.”

We returned home discomfited, and Bryan consoled himself by wakening little Rab-shekah, and expressing his polite fears that he was late for his appointment. The bewildered dwarf slowly recovered his recollec-

tion, and the various expressions that chased each other over his miserable face would have been amusing, if they had not been almost deplorable. He sat up, and demanded what hour it was; and when informed, he sprang off the bed, flung himself upon the floor, and grovelled there with all the symptoms of despair.

Bryan was absolutely touched by his grief, and even endeavoured to comfort him; he tried to raise him up, and that failing, he sat down on the rush-strewn floor beside him; he offered him his can of wine: the dwarf shrank from it with horror. Finally, as much to make an honourable retreat as in any hope of soothing sorrow, he took up his harp, and began to play one of his sweet mournful native melodies. Rabshekah became silent; he gradually lifted his head and looked round in wonder; then slowly raised

his body from the ground, and sat up in a grotesque attitude of intense attention.

Who is there that is proof to the delicate flattery of such unconscious admiration? Bryan was not, but continued to charm and soothe his poor little companion who had never been ravished by such sounds before. Music, for which it appeared that he had a fine sensibility, was the undiscovered passage to his soul. He became mild, cheerful, and at length so touched, that he burst into tears, and clasped his mis-shapen hands in a sort of tender transport.

“So you like that?” observed Bryan to him, as he laid down his harp.

“Oh yes, yes,” exclaimed the dwarf passionately, “it’s what I want—have wanted all my life. Oh, I would follow you to the end of the world, to be able to talk to my

deaf soul so loudly and sweetly as you make that stringed voice talk."

"And so you shall, my poor lad;" said Bryan. "You shall leave that gloomy tyrant of yours, and find a crust and a lesson from me, as long as I have a sword to win the one, or a finger to teach the other. So now to your grace, and say your prayers, and creep into bed; I believe, as my Lord says, that you've got a soul to be saved after all."

The dwarf instinctively obeyed his new master, though, as soon as the spell of the music had died away, he began to sob again as if his heart would break. More than once, during the night, Bryan heard him rise softly to approach the door, as if to escape, but, at the slightest sound, the poor creature crept back again, and resigned himself to all the torment of unrest. Bryan at

length roused himself, and endeavoured to persuade him that his preceptor was angered beyond all bounds, and that his anger would probably be fatal, if he once again laid hands on his lost slave. The dwarf apparently succumbed to this argument, and lay as still as death till morning.

CHAPTER II.

Und hurre, hurre, vorwärts ging's
Felt ein und aus, Berg ab und an.
Stets ritten Reiter rechts und links
Zu beiden Seiten neben an.
Auf sprang ein weisser Hirsch von ferne
Mit sechszehn zachtigen Gehörne.

WHILE Bryan had been converting the dwarf from his sorrow, if not from his allegiance, I received another visit from Bentinck. He came to tell me, that at supper, the Prince of Orange had expressed his intention of hunting on the morrow at "the Bosch," and had ordered him to offer me a horse, if I felt inclined to join the

sport. Hunting had always been my passion, and I could not now deny myself an indulgence, to which I had been long a stranger. Besides, the information I had just received, threatened no immediate consequences, and the Prince of Orange was to return to dinner at one o'clock. I therefore had gladly accepted the invitation, and in the early morning found myself once more well mounted, and in company with hounds. The huge brass horns and quaint costume of the huntsmen, the novel appearance of the large round-about horses, their elaborate caparisons, and the sober carriage of the huge phlegmatic hounds amused me not a little.

We rode on through the forest at a leisurely trot; the huntsmen first, the hounds following; and then the sportsmen, perhaps twenty in number, and apparently in the order

of their rank. I was marshalled to my place by a civil-officer, who added that, as a stranger, I might not be aware, that even when the game was on foot, I was to preserve the place in the procession, now appointed to me.

After we had proceeded nearly two miles, the Prince of Orange, accompanied by Bentinck, overtook us at a gallop; when taking up the first place after the hounds, he adapted himself to the pace at which we had been moving. Bentinck looked round, and when he espied me, was desired by the Prince to present me.

His Highness received me very graciously, and, of course, impressed me the more favourably. But his manner and appearance were such as to command deep interest, and inspire respect, universally. He was then in his sixty-third year, but upright and ani-

mated, as if he had been half a century younger. That animation was exhibited only in his eyes, however, and in his energetic carriage: his features were in general as impassive as marble: he looked like one who had lived surrounded by enemies all his life: his very smile was well regulated, though undisguised; and I do not believe that the sheathing of a dagger in his breast would have made him change countenance. He was a gallant warrior, a profound statesman, and an honest patriot; he had not passed through life, under the great trials involved in these high names, altogether without scathe; (who *could* have done so in his place?) but his very faults had a certain stern nobleness. In a word, among the various parties that then divided Holland, he stood on a high station, apart; loved by many; respected or feared by all; and this

entirely by the power of his own commanding mind and superior nature.

His questions upon the state of England were searching, but straightforward; they seemed to give with them, as much new light as they sought: at first they took in a wide circle of facts, then narrowing, explored my personal opinions, and, finally, my very hopes of our cause. It seemed to be just at the right time, when we reached the covert.

Here a noble stag of sixteen points had been marked down by the yeoman pricklers; and a brief arrangement for the assault was made, in order to compel our game to take towards the open country. It was a moment of considerable excitement; even the Dutch sportsmen looked roused, and the Prince's eyes literally shone, as with a warrior's air and brief command he assigned

us our stations. We were on the skirts of a small covert of shrubs and rushes, through which towered up a group of tall dark firs against a gloomy sky. The perfect stillness that prevailed was the more striking, from the suppressed excitement that only waited a sign to burst forth into tumultuous sound and motion. The very horses panted with expectation, and the well-trained hounds seemed almost in the act to spring, while crouching under the restraining whip.

At length our line was formed, extending in the shape of a crescent on either side, so as to leave but one direction open to the chase; then, at a signal, the advanced horsemen halted, and at the same moment a *chasseur*, on foot—armed with a bear-spear, and attended by two small beagles—bounded lightly forward into the covert. As the beagles dashed eagerly through the bushes, now here, now

there, our suspense became more acute ; the horses ceased to paw the ground, and gazed as eagerly as we did on the apparently empty space ; while the grim hounds, though striving to be mute, gave forth an occasional note of fierce impatience. Still here, and there, bounded the little beagles ; while the chasseur, with cautious steps and anxious eyes, endeavoured to detect his gallant game.

Hark ! a quick sharp cry, and the beagles dart forward simultaneously towards some invisible object ; they bound over a fallen tree, and are lost to sight ; but at the same moment up starts a magnificent stag, grandly developed in all his perfect symmetry against the lowering sky : one moment he tosses his antlered head with proud indignation, as he espies his diminutive assailants ; but the next, his large dark eye behold the hunters' formidable array, and he starts back ; he recovers himself again

—he gazes courageously all round him, and when he has resolved upon his course, he bounds away, lightly and airily, as if he could defy any earthly speed, except his own.

Then a dozen brass bugles sounded cheerily, and yet were drowned in the fierce voices of the hounds, as they dashed away after their flying victim. On, and away, through tangled covert and swampy meadow, and over wide stagnant ditches, did we sweep—but still in order—the Prince a-head, riding fearlessly; and soon we turned to the left, and emerged from field and forest on the *Dunes*, the long line of sand-hills that separates the Low Countries from the sea. Then, far away before us, we could see the noble form of the stag; but there were then few of us to see him—some half dozen, perhaps, besides the master of the hunt. Some had pulled up at the wide ditches, some had fallen into them, and lay

floundering still in the icy water ; others were unable to get their horses on through the heavy sands, and gradually almost all had failed ; still, on we went, who could.

A grove of willows now rose upon our view, and thither the stag struggled, evidently with failing heart and foot ; he now moved close along the ground over which he first had seemed to soar ; his bright red skin was blackened with sweat, and his wide-spread antlers rested almost on his neck ; and now he has reached his shelter, and is lost to our view. But the hounds sweep on unweariedly ; they never raise their heads, or trust themselves to look upon their game, but with noses close to the ground, they scour along—not wildly fast, but inevitable ; now they, too, disappear among the willows, and their cry grows louder and more angry. The stag is at bay within ; we leap from our

horses, and rush into the covert with our hunting-knives.

There we found our gallant quarry, with his back protected by two old trees; his branching antlers making wide sweep all round him, and the fire of despair gleaming in his eyes, though tears were dropping from them, large and fast. The storm had now burst over his head, and the wind roared among the trees in wild harmony with the howling of the hounds. Close behind the grove, one of the great canals was emptying its surcharged waters into the sea, and joined its uproar to all the ominous tumult that gathered round our doomed victim, and then we burst upon his view; he saw his danger, and met it bravely: gathering up all his remaining strength, he made one vast leap, cleared the circling hounds, and sprang into

the foaming waters just as they mingled with the sea.

“I would not have lost that creature for a thousand pieces,” exclaimed the Prince, as he coolly replaced his knife to its sheath, and prepared to return home. But my island blood was up, and had been chafed by the restriction that had hitherto obliged me to remain behind.

“He’s not lost yet!” I exclaimed, and I flung off my doublet, and plunged into the torrent with my knife between my teeth. I was soon borne into the tide-way where the stag was struggling against the rising waves; he struck out bravely, but the breakers embarrassed his breathing and kept him almost motionless as I approached him. To me, the sea was a familiar element, and I almost reproached myself with my advantage, until the stag turned to bay and endeavoured to

impale me on his brow-antlers ; I met it with my left hand, and though I was driven backward by the force of his stroke, I emerged upon the next wave uninjured.

Not so my gallant enemy, however ; I had used my knife with effect, and he now turned on his side, and babbled out his last breath among the breakers. I then dragged him easily ashore, and when I had done so, and received compliments and congratulations on my feat, I was almost ashamed of it : I could have wished myself far away, and my victim once more roaming free among his native forests.

I have dwelt upon this hunting adventure longer than I should have done, but that I shrink from what succeeds.

We turned towards the Hague and rode slowly home : our wearied horses had never known such a day's work before, as Bentinck

privately confessed to me, though he affected to treat the affair as a thing of course, for so the Prince was accustomed to treat everything. We soon met some of his attendants on comparatively fresh horses. The Prince mounted and rode rapidly away, leaving Bentinck and me to follow as we might, more leisurely.

“In an hour hence,” said my companion, as he heard the far-off town clocks striking eleven, “that man will be seated in the town-hall, amongst our grave and bearded ‘high-mightinesses;’ giving audience to your rebel ambassadors without the slightest token, or the least thought of our morning’s work.—But lo! who comes here? he rides not like one of our staid people, yet he seems to seek me.”

Plashing along through wet and mire as he galloped furiously, a horseman approached us. As he neared us, I saw that it was

Bryan, and my heart sank within me. I hastened on my horse to meet him, and I heard him shout, as he came within hearing :
“They are gone—they are gone !”

A few words explained all. He had gone at nine o'clock to the appointed place. He had waited impatiently, and began to fear that Hezekiah was too ill to come. “But then,” he continued, “I knew he wasn't the sort of man to be ill, and I began to suspect something else. I hastened back to the inn, and just as I entered the town I was seized by a guard of soldiers ; they dragged me away to a filthy guard-room, and all that I could make out was, that I was suspected of having drowned a man the night before in the canal. I then saw clearly I had been betrayed. I could have eaten my heart. I was near knocking my stupid head against the wall in revenge upon it ;

but first I thought I'd try the bars of my dungeon.

“‘These easy-going fellows,’ thought I, ‘are not accustomed to an Irish prisoner. The poor creatures they have in limbo wouldn’t give themselves the trouble to escape, if they could!’ Well, the bars were a little tough, but they were very old, and with the leg of a stool, I contrived to force them wide enough to squeeze through. In a minute I was out on the top of a low roof; in another minute, I dropped down into a back lane, and ran for the life of me to the inn; I tore up stairs and into the little parlour — ah! there was only a shred or two of threads and things, and bits of packing on the floor, and the ladies’ room was wide open! I raced up stairs to look for Rabshekah; the Leprechaun was sitting on the stove, smoking my pipe, and looking so contented, that I

was near strangling him just to comfort myself. But he was very pale, and so glad to see me, I couldn't lay hands on him.

“‘He’s been here—he’s been here,’ he cried, ‘and I can tell thee all about it. Oh! but the preceptor’s a wonderful man, and what a loss it is to be parted from him! Well, thou had’st scarce turned the corner when I felt the room creep, and I knew that the preceptor was within the walls, and I stole out, and hid myself in the closet behind the faggots; and I heard him say to Sir Janus that he was astonished at his running away like a guilty man, when the Parliament was ready to receive him with open arms, and to accept a loan upon his own terms, and to make a Lord of him, and to take off the sequestration; “for,” said he, “thou hast not a rood of land at this moment to call thine own. But the Parliament is merciful, and

if thou returnest with me incontinently, they will make thee a great man. Lo ! the horses are at the door ; in two hours' time we shall be at Rotterdam, where a fast-sailing galliot waits to take me, on pressing business, down the river and across the channel. Choose ! be an exile for life or an English noble. Care not for thy wealth ; the good goldsmith hath his heart in our business, and he waits below to receive thy orders, and to furnish thee with security that might satisfy an Emperor. Lo ! here he is."

"Then Sir Janus was bewildered ; and, in fine, he shouted to the ladies to get ready on the moment ; and 'they strove and prayed for a little time, but it was all in vain ; and in a quarter of an hour, they and their serving-woman were bundled off in a coach with six horses, that went as nothing in Holland ever went before or since except when

I took a horse I found standing at a spirit-shop, and rode off to tell you this; and now, they'll be for hanging me for the horse-stealing, as soon as they've chopped my head off for the drowning business."

Astonished as I was at this new turn of affairs, I thought it better to tell the good-natured Bentinck everything. He immediately entered into my feelings; but confessed that there might be very great difficulties in obtaining mercy for Bryan, since there was no witness to refute the accusation and the testimony of the drowned corpse.

"The Puritan faction," he said, "is here so strong, that they will pursue this matter vindictively; and we cannot—nay, we dare not, oppose them. Here, good fellow, take my horse, and ride for your life to Rotterdam. At the turn of the tide, there

are always boats dropping down the river ; let the horse loose in the Hoeg Straat, and get away with you on board the first craft you meet. At Brielle there are many English, (it was once your own town), and you will be safe. There you can wait for our friend, who, I presume, will not be long after you. And here, lad, take this trifle from a brother soldier ; you'll want it amongst our sailors, and you'll yet repay me with interest, I doubt not."

Bryan was on the generous Dutchman's horse in a moment, but he put aside the proffered purse.

"Ten thousand thanks to you ; and I'd take it as freely as your kind heart offers it, if I wanted it ; but I need it not. The devil himself's not all black, and this kidnapping villain left with the inn-keeper a bag of gold, by way of reward, I suppose, to

pay for my wake after I was hanged for him. I intended to have given it back ; but now —oh ! let me first catch him !”

And he was off. I watched him anxiously, as, at a turn of the road that lay nearest to the town, he pulled up his horse. I feared he had been beset, but was relieved when I saw the dwarf rush out of a thicket to him. In a minute, Bryan had swung him up before him on his saddle, and he was soon out of sight.

Bentinck and I pressed on to my inn ; we passed the prison where sentries were marching backwards and forwards, keeping strict watch on their imaginary prisoner ; we reached our destination, flew up stairs past the sleepy-looking servant, and into the room that I had left so happily tenanted the night before. How strangely altered it looked now ! and that door, that seemed to

me to enclose, as in a sacred shrine, the form of one who gave light and blessing to all round her — that door was flung widely apart, and Zillah's chamber was open to the profane world ! I looked round in silent and almost stupified grief.

Bentinck at length said to me :

“Of course you want to follow them ; you may find them at Brielle, where our pilots always make delay. In ten minutes you shall have a horse that will satisfy you ; give him, and use my name, to one Jan Guelders, at the corner house of the Hoeg Straat ; he will do all you bid him. Farewell ! I hope in happier times that we may meet.”

I felt deeply touched by this stranger's chivalrous kindness, but I could only offer him hurried thanks as I accepted it. By the time his horse arrived, I had settled my few affairs, and sent Bryan's harp to

Bentinck to take care of for me. I soon found the flat fields and waters receding past me, and then the tall spires of Delft; and soon after one o'clock, I was cantering over the rough pavement into Rotterdam.

CHAPTER III.

The caitiff mob,

All threatening death ; all in strange manner moved ;
Sterne was their looke ; like wild amazed steers,
Staring with angry eyes, and stiff, upstanding eares.

SPENSER.

As I approached the town, I had heard the roar of an angry mob ; a fearful sound, not to be mistaken or forgotten by those who have once heard the dissonant and jarring uproar of the human storm. I became still more anxious for Bryan, and for one who was yet dearer to me : I knew by reputation, the fierce and ungovernable cha-

racter of the Dutch people, when once roused ; I hastened forward and found the streets deserted, the windows barred and the uproar becoming louder at every moment ; then, suddenly, it died away. With some difficulty I discovered the appointed house and procured a reception for my horse, but Jan Guelders was out, and his household sorely affrighted at his absence.

I could not restrain my impatience, and was about to sally forth in the direction of the late tumult, when Jan entered hastily ; he was deadly pale ; he passed me without notice, and flinging himself into a chair by the kitchen fire, he looked round as if he wanted something. His wife quickly and without even speaking, poured out a large glassful of some clear liquor from a certain jar, and then stood with folded arms, waiting to hear his news. I was less patient, I announced my-

self in English as Bentinck's friend, and as one extremely pressed by anxiety and haste. The Dutchman only waved his hand, and applied himself once more to the glass, which now began to restore colour to his white cheeks.

At length he spoke, prefacing his speech by a number of exclamations and sounding oaths; when at length his story came, it was addressed partly in Dutch to his frau, and partly in English to me, so I shall only detail the substance of his communication.

About half-an-hour before, he had been standing at his window, when he saw Bryan, with the dwarf, ride by at speed on a white horse, which he recognised as Bentinck's property. He snatched up his hat hastily and followed. He saw him dismount near the quays and turn the animal loose,

so he was persuaded he was fleeing from justice: therefore as a good citizen, he was about to raise a cry of thief upon him, when his attention was arrested by a mob upon the quays, that had gathered round a galliot. On board of her were an old man and two young ladies, dressed in black, just embarked. The latter were both weeping, and a report ran through the crowd that a priest was conveying them off to be made nuns. The supposed priest was a man of an awful and commanding presence, who stood upon the gangway—unarmed, but by force of eloquence restraining the angry, excited people. He spoke the language of the country fluently, and already had gathered round him some defenders; but still the ladies wept; and the boatmen did not dare to cast loose from the quay, for some of the people were armed and threatened to fire on them if they stirred.

And all this time the uproar increased, for those who were further from the vessel shouted furiously against the preacher, and at length the terrible cry, "sorcerer," began to be heard, and that word made the people still more wild, for witchcraft is held in great horror here. But some friends of the accused now came to his assistance, and declared that he was a godly man from England; and to prove it, they invited him to come ashore which he did, right boldly, into the middle of the mob.

Just then appeared at the dyke, the young man, Bryan, with a most mis-shapen dwarf, who stood alone, while his companion ran to the water's edge to hire a boat. When the preacher saw this dwarf, he seemed to forget all else, and indeed the mob had subsided from anger into shamed silence.

"Ha! thou unhappy one," he cried in a

voice of thunder, to the trembling dwarf, "come hither, instantly, before it be too late."

At the same moment, the young man looked up from his boat and beckoned kindly, but as hastily, to the poor little creature, to follow him. The dwarf paused, as it seemed, in painful doubt; then, yielding to the stronger impulse, he put his hands before his face and rushed blindly towards the preacher.

"A sorcerer—a sorcerer!" now burst in fearful yells from the mob, "see, his familiar comes!"

The preacher saw the dwarf's danger, and strode forward to save him, but it was too late; the mob had turned upon the hapless creature, who recoiled in terror and fled wildly along the streets, pursued by the

ravening people. Then rose the terrible street-cry, "tear him to pieces, tear him, tear him!" and the sound was echoed from a thousand mouths. The poor dwarf sped on, holding up his hands imploringly where there was none to save, and uttering fearful screams, but they were suddenly hushed; the mob, headed by a few half-starved, half-drunken, howling beldames, had overtaken their prey, and all was over, except the tustling, deadened sounds of people struggling and straining amongst themselves. The preacher, meanwhile, finding it impossible to penetrate the crowd, after desperate efforts to do so, had paused when the cries of pursuit had ceased. In a moment, perceiving that he was too late, he returned with hasty strides towards the vessel, and with his own hand casting off the hawser, he sprang on

board. When the people looked back for him, he was gone ; the rapid tide and a fair wind were speeding him away.

Meanwhile the mob continued dense in one spot, where a score of people were struggling together, as if engaged in some work on which their lives depended ; but a young man came bounding forward—in and through them,—and at length over their shoulders, until he reached the assassins ; then diving among them, he flung aside the fiercest of them from their bloody work with resistless energy. A mob is wondrously fickle and easily affected ; instead of rushing in upon their new victim as the spectators expected, they recoiled from around him and shrank back from his passionate and despairing denunciations of their barbarity. He raised the mangled remains of the poor dwarf in his arms ; they were scarcely recog-

nizable. The cheeks were rent in two, and one was torn off the bone ;—the scalp was bare—but why should I go on ? Scarcely human had the poor creature been before—but now, he looked like some mangled carcase from a butcher's stall that had been dragged by wild dogs through the mire !

“ Fiends !—accursed fiends !” exclaimed Bryan, pressing the torn human fragments to his heart ; “ see what ye have done ! and whilst ye have wreaked all the malice of hell upon this innocent child, ye have let yon villain escape.”

The people turned round, and then it was that they saw the galliot loose, and sailing rapidly away. Their mood was changed, they shrunk asunder as rapidly as they had gathered, and Bryan was left to carry off his miserable prize without resistance. He placed the corpse on board his boat, greatly

against the sailors' wishes, and shoved off into the stream. There, he made fast to the cable of a ship;—"and he now lies," concluded the Dutchman, "as if waiting for some one. He *may* have stolen that horse; he *may* be a runaway malefactor—but by all that's good, I'd rather cut off my right-hand than put it out to stop him—for he's a brave youth—a brave youth," and the burgomaster drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

A few words served to explain my business, which was the less, as I now knew that Bryan was waiting for me. Jan, however, accompanied me to the water's edge, and there I had to wait but a minute for Bryan's boat; the next, we were away, and speeding down the river.

I did not see the poor dwarf's remains; Bryan had shrouded them in a spare

sail, with a heavy piece of ballast. He proposed to sink them in the first calm, deep spot we came to; we accordingly hove to, at a convenient place, and committed the poor relics to the deep.

As the muddy waters closed over them and bubbled up, Bryan appeared quite affected, and remained some time after in silence, which I did not care to interrupt. At last, with a deep sigh, he seemed to cast the sorrow from his mind, as he had cast the cause of it from the boat's side; and turning round, he saluted me as if we had only just met.

I told him I had heard the story of his late adventures. "A sad business!" he said thoughtfully, "but now the horror of his ending is over, it's well for him. Poor creature! what was life to him but a scorn and a pain."

We were now moving swiftly over the muddy Maas, between willow-tufted banks of slime; the very sky was mud-colour, even the boatmen looked dingy; and there was as little of external hope or promise in our circumstances as could be well imagined. I determined, immediately on reaching Brielle, or overtaking the galliot, to obtain an interview with Zillah, whether by force or otherwise; and then to proceed to Weymouth, in order to rejoin the King's forces as soon as possible at Oxford.

We had one small sail set—our only one,—for the other had gone down with Rabshekah and we pulled by turns at the oar; but still our light craft could not overtake the galliot. Owing to the low grounds, and the winding of the river, we could sometimes see her topsails across a tongue of muddy land, apparently quite close; but as soon as

the river opened, she was several miles away, and so she was when night fell over us.

It was near seven o'clock when we made the lights of Brielle, and ran into its crowded harbour. There we searched eagerly for the galliot, but she was gone. We made out her pilot, whom she had layed-to merely to put ashore ; and he informed us that the dark man, who seemed to govern all things, compelled the crew to put out straight to sea.

I now found myself separated from Zillah by a distance that appeared to have no limit but that of the war. I still longed, however, to find myself on the same land that she trod with that stately step of hers. I had some consolation, strange to say, in the knowledge of her sorrow ; and imagined that the outrage committed by Heze-

kiah upon her freedom and her will, must estrange for ever her proud heart from him, and all that related to him. I knew, too, that in London, as it then appeared, she would find democracy triumphant in manners as well as in politics; and I hoped, from what I heard of the populace, that her views would be changed still more in regard to their fitness for supreme legislation.*

I pitied poor Phœbe, however, with unmitigated pity, and I feared for her too, under such guardianship as that she was about to experience.

We found it was too late to seek a vessel that night. Every Dutchman at the Brielle was then asleep or drunk, so we betook our-

* We may judge of the Cavalier's impression of London at this time, from the description given by Evelyn in his *Memoirs*. *London*, 1825, p. 149.

selves to our rest, and slept as best we might. The next morning we were astir at day-break, and soon found a handy fishing-smack, that was ready to put to sea as soon as she could shake her sails out.

I omit the details of our voyage and our adventures, afterwards, on our road to Oxford. There, we found great changes impending, but no more prospect of a termination to the war than the former year had opened with. The Scots were about to enter England on the North, in order to combine with the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax ; but then a stout reinforcement of troops, recalled from Ireland, nearly counterbalanced the new danger. A parliament of sixty peers and three-hundred Commons had assembled in Christchurch, and voted one hundred thousand pounds, which was nearly raised. They had also received the Dutch Ambassadors with great

form: but soon after our arrival, the latter had retired with precipitation, for which I was able, in some manner, to account to Sir Edward Hyde. The Queen was preparing to retire to Exeter, through fear of Essex; Prince Rupert was away at Shrewsbury; York, and Lathom House were besieged and praying daily for his assistance.

Such was the state of affairs when we found ourselves welcomed heartily at the headquarters of the King. I could no longer afford to refuse a command, which I instantly obtained, and set out with some reinforcements for the Prince. Bryan accompanied me, having been made, at my request, the captain of my troop.

I will not detail the campaign that followed; we relieved Newark and Lathom House and took Bolton by storm. Soon afterwards, Prince Rupert received imperative

orders to relieve York and attack the Scotch at all risks. On the 30th of June, we lay at Knaresborough, where we were joined by Goring and a strong division of horse. On the first of July, we relieved York, and on the second, fought the fierce and fatal battle of Marston Moor.

Thenceforth, all was a series of misfortunes, errors and defeats. Once more we found ourselves at Newbury, (in October), and there left behind us, in the ground, the best part of the bravest blood still remaining in our army. In November, we once again entered Oxford for winter quarters, and found time to rest. So ended the year 1644.

CHAPTER IV.

Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field ;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
And time hath sworn us into slovenry.

SHAKESPERE.

THE time that I have passed over lightly, I need not say was full of incident and adventure ; but in autobiography the interest of nations shrinks into insignificance when compared with the struggles and experiences of our own hearts. During all this time, I fought as best I could. I suffered some privation, much sorrow, and not a few

wounds; but when it was all over, and the cause that I served proved to be exactly where it was before, everything was forgotten like a dream.

I had not seen, or heard from Zillah all that time. Monotony can steal over and blight with weariness, our most energetic physical efforts, unless the mind enters into them, and varies them with its own infinite vicissitudes. The sudden summons "to boot and saddle" the shrilly trumpet's midnight call to danger or to death, the mustering squadron's eager tramp; all these once set my pulses bounding, and embarrassed my movements by the haste in which I buckled on my sword, and sprang into my saddle. Now, a sound, uninterrupted sleep was become a luxury; a trumpet, a troublesome noise; a battle-field, a pest; a charge itself but an unpleasant excitement. Nothing ever

came of aught we did: we had seen our best and bravest friends swept from beside us; our trustiest soldiery struck down, or cloven by shot or steel; our very spirit wasted, and—all in vain! There seemed to be some spell upon us that we could not shake off—some approaching doom that we might not shun.

And then, when the strife with the enemy was ended, and, retired again within the walls of Oxford, we sought repose and recreation; then, we found so many mean bickerings, jealousies, and intrigues, that most of us wished for another campaign, if 'twere only to change the strife of tongues for that less cruel weapon—the sword.

Honours were distributed, however, even among some of those who deserved them. Bryan had received his long sought-for and well-earned knighthood, and now rode in

Prince Rupert's regiment as Sir Bryan O'Connor. Prince Rupert had been made Generalissimo, and even I had been offered an honour which I had declined.

I must not here omit a characteristic conversation that passed between the King and Sir Bryan previous to the knighthood. His Majesty seemed desirous to impress on the Irishman's mind, that it was as a favour to Prince Rupert that he knighted him—an Irish adventurer. Bryan was equally anxious to maintain that the honour was his due. As he had the weakness (if such it be) to claim royal descent, he had, at least, the good sense to maintain his claim with unswerving pertinacity:

“May it please your Majesty,” said he, “had I but means of access to the palace which we have all done our best endeavours to restore to our King—I could prove that I have

a right to claim knighthood from your royal hand, had I never struck a harder stroke for it than that which I trust your Majesty is about to lay upon my shoulder. I have read in learned books, that when Richard II. of England would have knighted my ancestor, the O'Connor of Connaught, my ancestor declined; having been received already into the order of the Red Branch, which dates from before the first year of Grace.*

“Indeed,” replied the King, kindly; “I believe, not only from your words, but from your deeds, that you are a gentleman.”

* Our young Cavalier had probably been studying Froissart, who bears him out in this assertion. He adds, that the hospital attached to this order of knighthood, was called “The House of the Sorrowful Soldier.” It is difficult to believe that the fine fictions of Ireland’s early glories were *all* lies.

“I trust I am, Sire,” Bryan rejoined proudly; “and in that title is comprised every title of nobility, as her Majesty’s illustrious father has well taught.”*

Without further parley, the King silenced his brave follower, by administering the required *accolade*, and Bryan rose up as gentle, and true, and brave a knight as ever bore a banner. . . .

For my own part, I served on through the campaign without a thought, but that of doing my duty to the uttermost, and setting myself against the increasing vices of the camp, by all the example that I could show. My only hope was to *wear out* the apparent malice of fortune with honour; and to make sure that, in bowing lowly and reverently to

* Henry IV., of France and Navarre, used to say, “La qualité de gentilhomme est le plus beau titre que nous possédons.”

Providence, I was not unconsciously stooping to a servile sense of fatality.

Nor was my experience altogether unenlightened by some pleasanter vicissitudes. When we relieved Newark, for instance, I had the gratification of finding my good steed, Satan, in high beauty and condition; and on our advance to York, I once more rode side by side with Harry Hotspur. He only alluded to his accession of the Beaumanoir estates once, and then with an amiably awkward manner.

“It would seem ridiculous,” said he, “to crush a rascally legal quibble, as we now stand, when the Parliament has seized upon your right and my wrong together. But as soon as ever our King has his own again, and my signature is able to refute a lie, this rascal deed shall burn or drown.”

I thanked my cousin for his generous

intention, but told him, that as he had brothers, and might have children, he had no right to exercise his generosity. He shook his head impatiently, and changed the subject of discourse. . . .

The Treaty of Uxbridge was now attempted, and gave our garrison at Oxford both amusement and comparative freedom. I had little expectation of its success from the first, and therefore the more eagerly availed myself of its brief interval, to procure a pass to London. My supposed complicity in Waller's plot was now forgotten; and as Essex alone was to be consulted in the matter, I obtained his order, without difficulty, for myself and Bryan.

It was on a fine afternoon in spring, towards the end of the year 1644,* that we

* The year at this time ended on the 25th of March.

found ourselves entering London by the Reading road.* We stopped at the first house of entertainment, in order to learn the news, and to procure some refreshment. It was the Piccadilly, which I had visited when a boy, under far different circumstances. It was then frequented by the gayest, as well as the most influential men about the court ; and there I had seen Hyde in familiar conversation with Essex, while Digby was apparently amusing himself at bowls with Lord Holland. It was now very differently occupied : the bowling-green was neglected, and the bowls half-buried in the long grass ; the benches were filled with dark, sombre-looking men, smoking solemnly, and drinking seriously ; while from time to time one of them would make some formal remark, and

* Now Piccadilly.

elicit a few *hems* or *hums* by way of comment or approval.

Bryan and I had assumed the gravest dresses we could procure, but we instantly drew all eyes upon us. All the other guests had their hair clipped, according to the most orthodox "Committee cut," as it was called; ours still floated down our shoulders, and the very plumes in our hats seemed to wave more jauntily, as if in defiance; at least, I am sure that Bryan's did.

Finding that my host could or would furnish me with but little news, I prepared to depart, and was leaving the room, when my attention was drawn to my reckless comrade, who was in high conversation with a pretty bar-maid.

"Good wine, by my faith!" said he to her; "none of your lively company can dissent to that matter, anyhow."

"Who art thou that speakest of dissent?" growled out a person who seemed to be an officer. "Dissent is not a word to apply to profane things. *I am a dissenter.*"

"What's that to me?" retorted Bryan, turning on his heel: "I don't care one maravedi if you were an Anabaptist."

"And so *I am,*" rejoined the irritated Puritan; "and it is well for thee if fettered limbs do not repay thee for the freedom of thy tongue."

Bryan seemed delighted with the angry turn that the conversation was assuming, and significantly invited his new acquaintance to finish it outside the house. The man obeyed the suggestion with alacrity, but as soon as we were in the open road, his countenance relaxed from its grave expression to one more frank and kindly.

"Why, thou hare-brained youth," he ex-

claimed, " what madness possesses thee to come swaggering into an enemy's camp with the dress of Esau, but the voice and swagger of Jacob—of a malignant, I mean? Were it not for the sake of old times, when I too served the King, I would fain have left thee to make me sport, like Sampson, amongst all those Philistines—I mean among those godly men. Tush, man, hear me ! I do wish thee well ; I see thou art a Cavalier, and I also see that thou wilt get thyself into limbo ere sundown, unless I take care for thee, which, for the sake of old times, I will do. If you and this honourable gentleman, thy companion, will take my advice, ye will put up at the Star tavern, where there is a worthy host ; one who, like myself, once served the King. He will not see you wronged, and I don't care if I come to take a cup with ye after nightfall myself."

I saw the value of this good fellow's advice, and there were some phrases in his speech that reminded me of poor Hugo's adventure during his imprisonment. I accepted, therefore, his offers of civility, and demanded whether his kindness to a Cavalier had not already cost him dear, when he was Sub-Lieutenant of the Tower ?

He looked at me with surprise, and confessed it had. I then gave my horse to Bryan, requesting him to lead it for me ; and as I walked with Archer down the road, I recalled to his mind all the circumstances so deeply impressed on my own memory. He first looked cautiously round, and then gave me his hand, and grasped mine cordially :

“ Ah ! he was a noble youth, your brother,” he exclaimed, with much feeling ; “ a noble youth ; and when I read an account of his brave defence in the North, and

how he died at his own threshold, it put me in mind of old times, and brought a tear into my foolish eyes. I loved him, sir ; no one could help loving him, that watched him as I did, and saw every feeling that was high and good playing in his bright blue eyes, and round his bonny mouth . And he was so fearful of saying an unpleasant word, and so fearless of danger and of death ! Well, there's my hand upon it, I will befriend his brother to the risk of my own neck. I haven't the same means now that I had in old times : but as you're new to this wicked city, I may be of some use to you."

I eagerly inquired if he knew anything of his former prisoner, Sir Janus.

" Ah, well away, that I do, poor man ! he ran away into foreign parts near a twelvemonth ago ; but he was decoyed back by the Committee, and had great promises made to him.

And when I saw in the *Mercurius* that he had come to London, I made out his lodgings, for the sake of the bonny ladies, his daughters. I found him, poor man, little fit for all the honours that were promised him. Between the fever of his mind, and the chill of his body in coming from Holland, he had an attack of paralytic, and lay with just enough of life in him to keep his body from decay ; and so he lies to this hour, I believe. I offered my poor service to the ladies, his daughters ; but as I was speaking to them, in walked that terrible dark man, Hezekiah, and with a scowl that went near to frighten me, he accused me of all sorts of crimes, and declared that if he ever saw me again in Westminster, he would have me sent to the American settlements as a spy of the malignants. So I came away fast, and I seldom hear of them now, but when I meet old

Sturdy, Sir Janus's servant, at the Star, where he sometimes drops in, to take a horn of ale, and ease his mind by a little safe talking."

By this time we had arrived at the tavern in question. Mine host was a grave, anxious-looking personage of immense bulk, who waddled to the door to receive us, casting an inquiring look upon our guide before he did so. I know not what secret sign he received, but he straightway ushered us into a large upper chamber, where the royal arms were carved above the ample fire-place. Here he told us we might feel ourselves secure from both King and Parliament, if either of them could have ill-will against two such goodly gentlefolks. In a few minutes our horse-bags were brought up-stairs, and at my desire I was left to myself to ponder upon my future movements.

I had had good reason to moralize on the

uncertainty of all earthly matters during my ride from Oxford. Just before my departure, I had received a formal legal notice from a lawyer, in Hotspur's employment, to resign and abandon "all that and those, &c. the estates of Beaumanoir, and to refund all rents that had been received therefrom, during the last forty years." I could scarcely believe that this proceeding had been sanctioned by my cousin; yet, there, too truly, was his signature, unmistakeable in its wide bold writing.

I could not deny the justice of such an application, but it appeared to me to savour of wanton cruelty to make such a demand upon me at such a time. It fell heavily upon my heart, for I reflected that, whatever future fortune the most sanguine hope could look forward to achieving, the discharge of such a debt must ever remain hopeless. I

had received another packet, however, from the hands of the lawyer, which I was requested not to open until I reached London, and there to act upon its contents, as I should find to be most advisable. This I now proceeded leisurely to examine; for I knew that it would be necessary to proceed with great caution in visiting Sir Janus, and that I must defer any attempt to do so, for the present.

I had a sort of instinctive horror, which I believe is pretty generally shared, of legal documents; the first object that met my eyes was a most formidable looking deed, written at great length on parchment. As well as I could make out, through tortuous sentences and Latin gibberish, it purported to be a resignation on my part of all right and title to Beaumanoir for ever more. Enclosed was also a copy of the disinheritng deed, which

left me for life not only penniless, but oppressed by a hopeless weight of crushing debt.

For a moment my heart sunk within me ; it was true I was alone — utterly alone, in the world. Of ever being otherwise, I had only a dim and perhaps visionary hope ; knowing, as I well did, Zillah's firm character. Yet still, to sever with my own hand the thousand ties that bound me to the loved and honoured home of my fathers' was trying—was almost impossible. A letter fell from the parcel — it was in Hotspur's writing and as I read it my feelings changed, it ran thus :—

FOR THE LORD HASTINGS.

“ My Cousin,

“ I am informed by that devil's brood, the lawyers, that I cannot give you up your own estates, for they are what is called entailed

(and be d——'d to 'em) on a certain unknown and invisible young gentleman (or gentlemen) my son or sons. This much however, I can do, (though, unfortunately I must leave it to the aforesaid devil's brood, to arrange for me) : in order to avoid all litigation, and to save the young gentlemen, aforesaid, from the curse of law-business, I can release you from all past responsibility, and what they are pleased to call debt,—if you sign some infernal paper, called a release, which they will furnish you with. But as the rents, which I thus generously forego, never could have been paid by you, and were all flam, I give you the enclosed order for a thousand pounds on my friend, Mr. Crisp, of London, for the free surrender of all your property. If you don't consent to sign, burn my order, and pitch the release to the devil. I confess, however, it would be a great re-

lief to my mind to think the business was settled, and at (to me) so cheap a rate. I picked up the said monies, and some more, from a treasure-waggon of the Roundheads ; and if I can't thus turn it to good account, I shall have spent it, I have no doubt, before this day month, in Canary and gunpowder.

“ Your most affectionate

“ Cousin and spoliator,

“ H. HASTINGS.”

This characteristic letter gave a new turn to my thoughts. I was still landless and homeless, but I was free and independent. My heart leaped up joyously : none but those who have been long borne down by the weight of a crushing debt, can tell the gratitude I felt ; the elasticity and hopefulness with which I sprang from my chair and strode up and down the room in proud consciousness of

being now able to look the world in the face, and to defy it.

I read Hotspur's order on Master Crisp, and I found that, besides its pecuniary import, it contained the strongest recommendation of me to his good services. I had no time to lose ; at any day or hour the Uxbridge Treaty might be broken off, all passes suspended, and I once more a prisoner to the Roundheads. I had often heard of this Mr. (now Sir Nicholas) Crisp, as one of the worthiest and wealthiest of our city-merchants ; one who possessed such influence in his ward that, though a known royalist, no insult or attempt at oppression had ever been attempted towards him. To him, accordingly, I determined to repair as soon as possible, in order to obtain his advice and information concerning Sir Janus and my future movements.

I called out to inquire whether Bryan was gone out, as it was already getting dusk : my call was answered by the stiffest and most prim-looking Puritan I had yet seen. As he stood between me and the fading light, he might have passed for an impersonation of the Gentleman in Black ; tall, angular, gloomy ; without curls, but with a huge rapier that appeared like a tail between his legs.

“What would'st thou, son of confusion ?” he demanded with a severely nasal twang.

“My friend, who came with me just now,” I replied.

“Lo ! he is even here,” returned the nasal voice, “though, verily, he is somewhat changed.”

And Bryan's own merry laugh sounded in my ears. He proceeded to tell me, that having just taken a turn in the street, he had

been insulted, and plashed with mud, and called all sorts of unseemly names ; whereupon he had held counsel with my host, and assumed a dress in which he said he could belabour any man that he was able to master with impunity from public opinion. He prayed me to let him tuck my hair under my hat, and to arrange my neck-cloth more in the fashion of a band. He then sedulously pulled my doublet out of shape, and set my boots in a different fashion. When he considered my arrangement completed, he requested that for the future I would only behold in him Aminadab Sparerib, and showed me a letter which he had not only written, but addressed to himself under that title, in case of any difficulty. We then set forth in search of Master Crisp in Thread-needle Street.

It was the first time that Bryan had ever

been in London ; and I was astonished at all that he saw, and found interest in : to me, however, much also appeared new, when placed in the light in which he viewed it. He carried out his disguise to perfection as long as he was in the mood to practise it, but often his propensity to amuse himself led him into situations very much at variance with his puritanical appearance. When we arrived at Temple Bar, for instance, we found a fanatical preacher standing on a high tub (reversed) ; a considerable audience was gathered round him, and one of his admirers held up a torch to assist the moonlight in displaying the contortion of the preacher's face. He was denouncing the King, under the name of Agag, and ridiculing the treaty as an attempt to arrest the judgment of Providence on his devoted head.

“ What ! ” he screamed out, “ will ye listen

to those who sit in council while they seek to save him who is cast aside utterly and condemned. Will ye listen to the pale-livered who preach and pray that the heart of Agag may be touched ; touch his heart—forsooth ! hath he not a fifth rib to be struck ? What means the prophet when he commands to bind our Kings with chains, and our nobles with links of iron ?”

And in this wild manner he was proceeding when Bryan, after struggling through the crowd, at length got one foot on the edge of the tub, and leaned upon it as if excited by the sermon ; as, indeed, he was. Just as the preacher had collected all his breath for a furious explosion against the Gentiles, Bryan’s foot pressed too heavily on the edge of the tub, and sent its occupant spinning over the heads of his hearers. When the angry people looked round, however, the last person

whom they could suspect was the meek Aminadab; he looked on, with dignified mien but anxious eyes and folded hands, at the discomfiture of the ranter.

After this little adventure, we proceeded without further interruption, and by aid of a link-boy, at last reached the dwelling of Master Crisp.

We were directed to a narrow entrance opening into a court-yard, where we found a porter. By him we were ushered into a small plain, oak-panelled apartment, in which a fine fire blazed and roared cheerily.

I had sealed Hotspur's letter, in order to leave it, if necessary; and I now sent it by the porter in order to avoid giving my name. Bryan and I were left alone to amuse ourselves as best we might; but the place in which we found ourselves seemed to bid

defiance to any pleasant distraction of our thoughts.

The evening was dark, and the court-yard was darker still. The room in which we stood was so free from ornament, or variety of any sort, that it resembled rather a huge box than an oak-panelled apartment. The silence all round us, too, was profound, or only broken by the crackling of the fire. One melancholy candle threw a sickly smile of light around it, which made the rest of the room look still more dismal.

Suddenly we heard a sweet, wild, thrilling song, as if it burst up from the very heart of the singer. It pealed along some distant passage, and approached us rapidly; the door opened, and the light figure of an exquisitely graceful and beautiful girl bounded into the room. Still singing, she was passing on to another door, when her bright eyes

caught ours, and she started, gazed for a moment on us with surprise, and then vanished as she came.

Bryan and I looked at each other in at least equal surprise; but before we had time to make any observation, our host entered.

He was a noble-looking fellow, tall in person, frank and open in countenance, with eyes like those of an eagle, and a genial, fearless manner, that inspire me at once with esteem and confidence. He bade me heartily welcome, spoke very complimentarily of the knowledge he already possessed of me through public report, and then desired to know if there was any manner in which he could serve me. When I named Bryan to him, he greeted him with almost equal cordiality, and showed a perfect acquaintance with his character and achievements. Indeed

he seemed to be aware, as I afterwards discovered, of almost everything that had passed in the King's camp. When I remarked this to him, he confessed that he employed an intelligent man at Oxford, whose sole business it was to write to him constantly, and supply him with intelligence on the most minute, as well as the most important subjects.

“It is my business,” he continued; “and if I have succeeded better than most people in my affairs, it is principally because I have *known more* than most people, and been able thereby to take a greater number of chances into calculation.”

My host seemed, indeed, to be one of those who are made to prosper in the world; with a vehement, ever-active will, that gave an all-prevailing momentum to high talents and a fine tact that steered his powerful impulses like a delicate rudder. In Venice,

he would have been a merchant-prince ruling the State. In the city of London, he was a princely merchant, imparting not only prosperity and intelligence, but a high, generous tone of character to his numerous assistants and dependants.

This accomplished person now returned me the letter I had sent to him, and asked if I desired to have the money at once. I replied that I had not yet earned it, but would bring him a deed on the following day to witness, and to keep for my cousin. He then pleaded pressing business, and said he should feel highly honoured if, with my friend, I would dine with him on the following day. I accepted the invitation with pleasure, and apologised for detaining him while I asked if he knew where Sir Janus Demiroy was living, and whether I could safely obtain access to him.

I suppose my manner betrayed the deep interest I felt in the question, for though he unconsciously threw on me a penetrating glance, he dismissed all appearance of haste, and replied that it was on business connected with that gentleman that he was now so pressed. "And, to tell you the truth," he added, "his agent is one who may as well be ignorant of your arrival as long as we can keep him so. You probably remember the name of Hezekiah Doom. Now, I think of it, our business will not be long; and if you will kindly wave ceremony and join our family supper, I shall be able to speak with you more at length on the subject in which you are interested."

This invitation being accepted, our host led us through the door we had already seen opened by the fair vision; and, after passing through a long gallery, we seemed to enter

into a different mansion. Here, a vestibule of the most elaborate and tasteful ornament and design received us: it was lighted from a sort of circular altar in the midst, on which blazed a light flame, as it seemed, of fragrant wood, diffusing at once warmth, perfume, and a cheerful glow: some white marble statues, from ancient Rome, stood round, and seemed suitable visitors to that classic hall. Thence we passed hastily on through a cedar door into a lesser room of beautiful proportions: the ceiling was dome-shaped, and of that delicate blue that night wears when almost dissolved in dawning day: some few stars still lingered on one side of the mimic horizon; but on the other, Aurora, in rich but delicate colouring, was already in the sky. Large alabaster lamps, with which the room was lighted, enabled us to see all its ornaments as if by daylight, and also to

mark the rich inlaying of the floor, where it was not covered by a Turkey carpet near the fire-place.

All this, however, I observed afterwards ; at the first moment my attention was absorbed by the appearance of the same fairy-like girl we had seen before ; she was sitting on a stool, at the feet of a fine old man ; and to Bryan's delight, one hand was resting on a harp.

Our host hastily introduced us to these two persons, whom he called his father and his daughter ; then, with an apology, he hastily retired.

CHAPTER V.

What strain again!—it had a dying fall ;

Oh ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bank of violets

Stealing and giving odour. * * *

O spirit of love, how fresh and quick thou art.

SHAKESPERE.

THE old man rose unsteadily and slowly from his chair, and we soon observed that he was blind. His hair was snow white, and his voice was feeble, but his manner and address were very courteous, though formal and cautious. He soon resumed his seat, and asked some questions relating to our journey.

At our first entrance, the grand-daughter

had risen hastily, and blushed rosily, as soon as she recognized us. She then took up a position behind the old man's chair, and looked on in silence..

I inquired of the grandfather whether he played the harp, that stood beside him.

"I tried to learn it," said he, "when I lost my sight by lightning on the seas. They told me it was good both for the mind and soul to be occupied and soothed by such music. But my little 'Fay' here learned the whole art whilst I was striving to master the gamut; and now I prefer to use her fingers rather than my own."

Fay blushed again, and turned away her pretty head; her grandsire returned my own question. I replied, that I did not understand the instrument, but that my friend had used to play upon it, until he left his harp behind him in Holland.

“Ha!” exclaimed the old man, roused to sudden interest, “it’s ——” he checked himself, and added, in his usual tones, “my son has many dealings with Holland; and with the Hague especially.”

Fay had looked at us timidly once or twice, but she seemed to recoil with aversion from Bryan’s severely puritanical appearance. He was heartily vexed about it himself; and so ashamed, that he wore an appearance of awkwardness which made his disguise more perfect. When Fay heard of his playing the harp, she turned her large wondering eyes for a moment upon him with some interest, but they were as momentarily withdrawn.

Her father now entered with a more thoughtful countenance, as it seemed to me, than he had previously worn. He soon threw off the weight, whatever it was, from

his mind, however, and gave himself up to the pleasure of hospitality. His conversation seemed to take new life as he proceeded, and soon so charmed me that I forgot the presence of every one else. He had travelled in almost all countries ; with keen eyes and quick perceptions, he had not only reaped, but gleaned, the smallest and most amusing details of life, as well as the most important : he had stored them all up in a capacious memory, that readily furnished forth every fact as it was wanted ; enriched, illustrated, and supported by a thousand others, if required. His tone of thought was high and earnest, and though he could descend to sketch foibles with a happy humour, his prevailing sentiments were grave and ever religious. He seemed to have held his own in his numerous and dangerous travels, even as he did now, amid troubled politics. He

had been nearly stoned for refusing to trample on the Cross in Japan, and he had been insulted for refusing to kneel to it at Rome. He had worshipped after his own fashion at Jerusalem, in defiance of Jew, Turk, and Papist ; and he had rescued a Protestant friend from the gripe of the Spanish Inquisition. Switzerland was the country on which he dwelt with most pleasure, declaring that if England became untenable for an honest man, that he would only exchange the banks of the Thames for those of the Lake of Geneva. That chance expression has determined my lot.

It was, I believe, some considerable time, although it did not seem so, before supper was announced. The room into which we were then ushered was of grand dimensions, richly hung with draperies from Persia ; it was even carpeted at the upper end, where

we sat. As well as I remember, only one grey-headed old man attended at table, assisted by two comely serving women. The supper was comparatively plain, humble my host apologetically called it ; but it was excellent, and the wine was of exquisite quality.

After grace was said, we returned to the room we had previously occupied, and I addressed myself to Fay, requesting her to play the harp, if it were but the simplest strain. At a sign from her father she complied, and began a wild simple air with a timid tremulous touch that suited her style of music well. Bryan was entranced ; his soul spoke in his eyes, and the girl saw that voice with a side glance of her half-closed eyes. She stopped, unable to proceed ; at length, she said she had forgotten the music, and laid down the harp. Bryan forgot his puritanic character,

his strangership—everything in his enthusiasm. With a profoundly deferential air he asked leave to recal the song, and having first taken hold of the instrument as delicately as if it would crumble at a touch, he finally seized it like a conqueror, grasped it firmly, and swept his hand over the strings with proud mastery.

I believe his very hair rose up in his excitement, for the black Genevese cap in which he had hidden it, fell off, and his curls rolled out, and down his shoulder in most malignant fashion. He was no longer a disguised Puritan, or Cavalier adventurer—he was no longer anything but—the passionate minstrel in the presence of all-conquering beauty. The spirit of poetry mounted to his cheek, gleamed in his eye, and at length sounded in his impassioned voice. He at first took up the air that Fay had lost, and having finished

it, he led it on into such a strain as seemed to require song to support it, and song came; came in such thrilling melody and power, that my host bowed his eyes between his hands as if to exclude every other thought; the old man sate up almost erect in his chair, and his lids trembled over their sightless eyes with pleasure. But Fay looked like one inspired. She had never heard a fine voice before, and now it entered into her very soul. Her eyes no longer seemed to shrink from every object as soon as they had shone there; but, on the contrary, they rested on the young minstrel, with an expression of delight, and almost of awe.

But I must pass over these episodes, and hasten to conclude my own story: it has not long to run. The song was ended, and the minstrel was gratified by eloquent compliments from our host, and still more so by a look

full of interest cast on him by Fay, as she retired for the night, leading her old grand-sire away. The Merchant then gave Bryan some plans of Gustavus Adolphus's battles to look over at one end of the room, and sat down with me at the other.

“You arrive at a singular conjuncture,” said he, “as regards Sir Janus and his daughters; but first, I must presume you ignorant of all that has happened here. I will also take the liberty to inform you that I am aware of the deep interest you take in this family; of your early intimacy with them; of your flight to the Hague, of the pillage of your house, and the alienation of your estates. This Hezekiah, as he is called, has been long known to me. He is a man of singular character, such as these strange times alone could have produced or brought to light. Of wonderful eloquence, energy,

and knowledge, you already know that he is possessed. To all these, an enthusiasm partaking of insanity lends extraordinary intensity. But he has so confounded his politics with his faith, and is so far a fanatic in both, that he is constantly outraging his own naturally noble character. Added to all these, there may be another influence that we will not speak of now, of which he is himself perhaps unconscious, but which yet farther unsettles his disturbed faculties, and tends to blind his true perception of good and evil.

“ This person, as you know, was the means of bringing back Sir Janus and his daughters to England. I may not commit a breach of confidence towards him ; but I will tell you all that is in my power to reveal, and that it most imports you to know. Sir Janus, as soon as he was at sea, was in despair at finding what he had done ; he

insisted on being taken back to Holland, and his daughters joined their supplications to his, but in vain. Their companion had taught himself that pity was an unrighteous weakness, and that his naturally firm will was a heaven-born gift. His galliot still held on for England. Sir Janus, in a paroxysm of fear and anger, threw himself on the deck, refusing to be comforted: the cold winter's night wind seized him then, and struck him to the heart, notwithstanding all his daughters' care. When he reached London he was carried to his bed, scarcely alive in mind or body, and there he has lain ever since, unable to stir, and invisible to almost every one except his children and this Puritan divine who haunts him. His daughters have attended him with the tenderest and most patient care, and for the last nine months have never left him.

“Now, to my connection with the family : —When the poor gentleman was at the Hague, he invested large sums of money in the hands of a goldsmith, a correspondent of mine, who wrote to me from time to time concerning the disposal of this large deposit. This brought me into communication with the daughters of Sir Janus. I had already known Hezekiah, who was employed formerly by the Committee in various pecuniary matters, as well as others ; though latterly they are more cautious of trusting him : I doubt me, he is too enthusiastic and honest, after his own fashion, to suit them. I found, on admission to Sir Janus, that his eldest daughter had unbounded influence over as much intellect as remained to him, except in his pecuniary affairs, of which she professed herself ignorant. At length her sister told me, that the only person, unfortunately,

who could influence her father in such matters was this Hezekiah, whom he feared, yet trusted entirely. It then became my business to learn this strange man's history before I trusted him. At length I mastered it : (it is a strange one, of which I had heard some legend formerly.) He offered to obtain the consent of Sir Janus to lend the monies to the Parliament. I objected, in the name of my correspondent, to such an investment. Finally, it was agreed that the monies should be lent to the States of Holland ; and this evening Hezekiah was to have made with me an appointment to receive the necessary signature of Sir Janus.

“ After leaving you, I found Hezekiah very impatiently waiting for me. Sir Janus is at the point of death, and any earthly business with him is now impossible for ever. The physicians are to meet at his lodgings at

midnight, for the form of consultation. I shall take advantage of that opportunity to offer the orphan ladies an asylum in my house for the present, until some more suitable arrangement is made. My wife and daughter are already well known to them, and, as I hope, esteemed and trusted.

“ You have not seen my wife,” he added, with a slight embarrassment. “ The truth is, she is a Catholic; I married her at Venice. This is Ash-Wednesday, and is with her a rigid fast: to-morrow I hope to make her known to you. Felicia, or Fay as they called her when a child, and since, is my only child. I have made you my confidant as far as my own affairs are concerned, and as it grows late, I will accompany you, with permission, to your inn, which is on the way to Westminster.”

We sallied forth. Bryan had collected his

flowing locks once more into his skull-cap, and re-arranged himself into a puritanical appearance. As we left our host's superb mansion by the unpretending entrance, two tall strong men, with swords by their sides, and staves in their hands, stepped from the house, and followed their master at a respectful distance.

It will readily be believed that I did not stop at my inn. We proceeded to Westminster without interruption; all the noise, and strife, and struggle of the day was hushed. The silence of a crowded city is very impressive, but most of all when we are approaching the chambers of death: it seems to be no place to die in.

When we reached the house, our host entered alone. I did not like to present myself at such a moment, and I knew that the good merchant would mention my presence, if pos-

sible. He soon returned: there was no change. On hearing that an old friend of the dying man was below, one of the physicians had suggested, perhaps for mere suggestion-sake, that the excitement of seeing me might do him good.

I was introduced into the room; to the bed-side, by which Phœbe was kneeling, and weeping. Zillah stood by her father, supporting his head. I met her eyes but for a moment; they had been dry and dim with long watching, but now they were filled with half-suppressed tears; and, for a moment, they turned kindly upon me, and then again fixed themselves on the pale, gaunt face that leaned against her bosom.

My name was mentioned to the dying man; he gave no sign of recognition: again it was mentioned in a louder tone, and he seemed to hear. He had been holding one

of Zillah's hands in his, and he let it go. Hezekiah glided to his side. Again my name was pronounced, and he made an effort to put out his hand, as a blind man might have done. I gave him mine, and he seemed to seek for another to clasp with it; he found one ready; he laid it softly on mine, and gave a sad smile. He perhaps thought it was his daughter's; but it was the cold hand of Hezekiah that met mine!

The effort of Sir Janus had been his last; the smile still hovered round his lips, but he was gone. The Merchant, with quiet, thoughtful care, summoned the nurses and the serving women, and led the orphan daughters gently away. The door closed behind them and their woe: we left the house, accompanied by the physicians, but Hezekiah was no where to be seen.

CHAPTER VI.

If he were honester,
He were much godlier * * *
But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

SHAKESPERE.

THE next day, and for several successive days, Bryan and I were guests at the merchant's hospitable and richly furnished board. But we saw neither his wife nor Fay, who had taken up their residence in Sir Janus's lodgings to keep his poor daughters company until the funeral was over.

At length that ceremony was ended, and

they all returned to the merchant's house. On the following day we dined there again ; and we saw Fay, in all her beauty, rendered more touching by the shade of sorrow that sympathy had cast over her bright countenance. Her Italian mother was likewise there, somewhat like her daughter, but only as autumn to the spring : in the shape of her features and figure, and the tone of her voice, she resembled her child ; but in the latter, the blue eyes of the north had stolen in under the dark brow and lashes of the sunny south, and the raven tresses of the mother been softened into rich dark brown. Bryan's warm heart had at once surrendered itself utterly and unresistingly to Fay, in sweet captivity ; and he became thenceforth comparatively useless for all the practical purposes of life.

After the meal was ended, which seemed

to him so short, to me so long, I ventured to ask permission to see Zillah. I obtained it, and found her so changed, so marble pale, that she might have seemed a monument to her own grief. I did not dare to intrude upon that sorrow with one word relating to myself; I spoke only of him who was gone: but at length I gradually led the subject of our conversation to the castle, and to the scenes of our early days—very few years ago—but they had been years multiplied a hundred-fold by changes and emotion. At length, I ventured to ask if she thought of returning to her home; and then, to my great relief, she burst into tears.

“Oh no, no!” she exclaimed; “it is now no home to me, but the most desolate spot in all the earth.”

As she spake we were interrupted. The merchant entered hastily.

“I grieve to say,” he said to me, “that you are wanted, and by those who will not be denied. The Treaty at Uxbridge has been abruptly terminated, and all passes are withdrawn. You must leave London within twelve hours, and must at this moment go before the district officer to give your parole, or become prisoner. You will return perhaps to share our evening meal, and I must beg you to reserve your farewell till then, or I shall get into a difficulty with these dangerous men.”

This was an unexpected blow to me; but through all Zillah's sorrow, I thought I perceived a shade of another regret, and I was comforted. With leave to see her in the evening, I withdrew, and found an escort of musketeers, who had tracked us hither from our inn. As we walked along to Westminster, Bryan vented all his grief and in-

dignation against his enemies ; he vowed he would accept no parole, but take his chance of all things rather than be forced from London now. On calmer reflection, however, he recanted his determination, for he considered that he could withdraw his parole at the last, and possess his liberty meanwhile.

We soon found ourselves before a stern tribunal of belted officers, who received our names and registered our word of honour, to pass beyond the Parliament lines within twelve hours, or surrender ourselves true prisoners.

Amongst several brother officers whom we met, on the same errand with ourselves, was Goring. I knew not then what had induced him to venture into London, but I afterwards found reason to believe that he had little to fear ; the Parliament had always hopes of him, and finally they were not

disappointed ; though, in the meantime, he did them all the mischief that he could.

Having spent some hours in making arrangements for our departure, and having ordered our horses, ready for the road, to be at the merchant's before midnight, we betook ourselves to our last meeting at his house. As we passed through the vestibule, we were surprised to hear a jöyous voice, speaking volubly in the withdrawing room, and on entering we found Goring there.

I had ample opportunity to observe him, for no one, except Fay and her grandfather, were in the room ; I whiled away my suspense, by taking a deliberate view of this singular man, as he stood before them, richly dressed, and putting forth all his powers to amuse and fascinate the simple Fay. He seemed to me, however, to excite her wonder,

rather than her admiration, which surely must have been pre-occupied or she could not have denied it to one, who was able in turn to win almost every ear—cajole both King and Parliament, and, in spite of every vice and treachery, to obtain the confidence of all parties. He had none of that dangerous enthusiasm, which, if it sometimes wins, far more often loses, woman, because she has always more of it than we have. On his finely-cut formed mouth, sate a supercilious expression, that varied only from mockery to sarcasm as his humour changed. He was still comparatively young, but he had anticipated much of the experience and self-possession of age ; though not its caution, —for reckless, scornful courage looked out from his large grey eyes. His youth had been passed in camp and continental cities,

and he had there laid aside every gentle or noble feeling that might have struggled to find a place in his boyhood's nature.

This was no uncommon character at the time, as regarded the outward man; but to this were joined gifts at all times rare, and endowments that might have made an honest man illustrious. He was naturally possessed of extraordinary eloquence, but he had so far concentrated its power, that his common conversation was terse, epigrammatic, and wonderfully persuasive. Nevertheless, as he was a scoffer at all Divine influence and all human virtue, his cynicism would have been often distasteful, but for the tact with which he contrived to veil his sentiments or to attribute them to others. He was an accomplished actor, a profound dissimulator, and so much master of his own passions

as to be able to turn those of all others to his own use.

Such was George Goring, now Earl of Norwich. His versatile and daring mind was well suited with an active and iron frame, scarcely injured by unbounded dissipation and debauchery. His countenance, pale, but strongly marked and expressive, was equally well-adapted for the various expressions employed by its possessor, to cajole, to plead, or to terrify.

I have spoken of this famous and infamous General at some length, as I shall have hereafter reason to return to him, and to the strange manner in which his wild career was finished.

I now observed him with deep interest. Poor Fay, besides the great wealth which must be hers, had beauty sufficient of itself to hold

out the strongest temptation to this dissolute spendthrift; he had been divorced, it was said, from his wife; he was ruined, it was well known, by his extravagance. His title, his talents, and his fame, might blind even the keen-sighted merchant to his vices, and tempt him to hope that a pure and noble-minded woman might reclaim him. At all events, his attention to Fay seemed evident and unconcealed, and he plied them with characteristic hardihood and energy, indifferent to our presence.

Poor Bryan! his imagination might have pictured another destiny for this beautiful girl—for what will not a warm, young imagination dare? but he sat apart, with pale lips, forced into courteous smiles, as our host greeted him with his usual kindness. Pride supported his brave heart in this, its bitter trial. He had no position in the world, but

that which he had himself won by his sword. He knew none of the gilded common-places so prevailing in a courtier's practised conversation. What chance had he against that famous, brilliant noble?

When the merchant entered, he saluted Goring somewhat coldly, I thought; and the latter had evidently not been invited, for he referred to some distant invitation, and added, "As I was staying at the same inn with our friends here, and heard they were coming to sup with you, I took the liberty of making use of your former hospitality; especially as I have some business to consult you about."

Our host of course expressed himself happy, though he looked very much the reverse, and left the room apparently to make some changes. When he returned, Goring offered to hand Fay into the supper room,

but she took her grandfather's hands and placed herself between him and her father, maintaining throughout the meal an air of reserve and dignity that surprised and charmed me.

Goring meanwhile drank deeply, and exercised his wit unsparingly on every topic that arose. He soon began to express his admiration of our host's daughter in such unmeasured terms, that she pleaded an excuse of illness and left the table. Poor Bryan's look, as her beautiful eyes spoke timidly her last adieu, was one that she must have long remembered. Fear of frightening her, or of annoying his host, had forced him to repress his rising indignation ; he expected, too, that Goring would of necessity, join our party to Oxford, and he flattered himself that he could then quarrel with him at his ease.

At length some free observation, that Goring made, induced the old man to rise from the table, and I seized the opportunity to lead him out; Bryan followed, and Goring made a move as if to accompany us; but the spell of wine was upon him and proved too strong. He sank back in his chair, and filled a high Venetian goblet to the brim. Our host, probably, reckoned on his soon reducing himself to a state in which he might be sent home without consciousness or offence; but at that stage Goring was never known to arrive. He sang glowing songs, he told rank stories, he declaimed furiously against the Parliament, Prince Rupert, and the King himself. In short, he was very drunk indeed; while the good merchant, though offended and indignant, felt restrained by the bondage of hospitality, from treating his guest

as he deserved. I did not then know how much he bore, or how much patience he exercised in tolerating Goring's intrusion.

We had scarcely seated ourselves in the withdrawing-room, when a gentle knock at the opposite door was heard, and the old man rose at the signal. After many good wishes for our journey and our cause, he walked towards the door; it opened, and for a moment Fay's form was visible, but she evidently thought that Goring was in the room, and closed the door suddenly behind her.

We had not been long alone, when our hostess entered and beckoned me to follow her. I was soon in Zillah's presence. Phoebe too, was there, anxious and wistful; they were both dressed as for a journey. In answer to my eager questions, Zillah replied :

“Yes, we are going once more to flee from this distracted and unhappy country; it is, alas! no place for friendless orphans now.”

I will not detail the conversation that followed; the substance of what I learned will be sufficient to explain the present state of things and my future errors. During her long and weary watchings over her sick father, for so many months, she had been haunted by the presence of Hezekiah, until to her nervous apprehension, he became an object of almost supernatural horror. Phœbe simply hated and shrank from meeting him. But Zillah feared his influence over her father, since Waller's Plot, and, in her very fear, was determined always to confront him.

The unhappy man, however, as soon as he found his victim so entirely in his power, treated her with the most watch-

ful attention and care ; he became even gentle and subdued in his manner, and never approached the sick man's chamber but with a tender, and almost reverential air. As his character thus appeared to change, he seemed daily to lose ground with the political leaders ; or, perhaps, they had become so strong as no longer to recognize his assistance. He followed his ministration, however, with accustomed zeal, and was still enthusiastically heard in the pulpit ; though latterly he had never attempted to resume his functions as chaplain to Sir Janus.

Zillah feared him all the more from this unnatural change ; perhaps, he had allowed some expression to escape him, which showed that his manner only had been altered. Phœbe had written several times to the old chaplain, but had received no answer. Her mind became tossed with doubt, and found

no comfort in the abstract form of worship that sufficed to Zillah's more imaginative spirit. Then came the merchant's kindly wife, with all the proselyting zeal that characterizes her faith. She had been debarred from directing her own daughter's mind in the same direction, but she soon produced an effect upon Phoebe's. A missal first found its way to her private studies ; then a crucifix and beads, and other palpable objects on which her fluctuating mind could rest and muse.

At length Sir Janus died, and as soon as Zillah was sufficiently calm to form a determination, she thus addressed her sister :

“ We have been haunted, and our lives darkened, and our father brought to an untimely end, by means of this fearful man, who seems to rule our fate. In England, there is no refuge to be found from him. It

is fearful, it is unseemly that two friendless maidens should be subjected to his tyrannical control. We must escape from it to France, here alone he can find no agent, for he will have no followers. Madame de Coligny, our mother's kinswoman, will surely afford us an asylum, where we may rest until this tyranny be overpast, and happier times allow us to return and lay us down to rest where our fathers sleep. What think you, my sister?"

Phœbe joyfully acquiesced ; and for the last few days, active, but secret preparations had been making for their departure. This very afternoon, to their glad surprise, the merchant had decided that his wife and daughter should accompany them. He had been denounced not only as harbouring Cavaliers and communicating with the King, but as having Popish masses actually performed in his house for his Popish wife. He felt

that all his influence and popularity might not be able to defend his family from insult, and that any attempt on the part of his friends to do so, might end in bloodshed. He was a man of prompt decision, and he had at once made every preparation for the sacrifice of all his household happiness.

The tide was to turn soon after midnight and already a swift barge lay at the river's side, prepared to bear away everything that made life dear to him. He could not leave his post.

This was the subject of Zillah's story, which she ended with a kind farewell.

"—No, no !" she replied, in answer to my exclamation ; " it must not be ; it must not be said again—our names must not be coupled in flight. And even if it were not so, you have other duties to perform. Reginald, if ever we meet again, I would fain be able to honour you for spotless

integrity as—as I do now. Yes! though you return to toil and danger, and perhaps to death; though you are about to fight against the cause that I once—that I *still* hold to be the best—I know that you follow the dictates of your own true heart, and I would not have you waver—no, not for a moment—from that fidelity which alone can satisfy your conscience. I have seen enough of error among those whom I called my friends, to believe that there may be some truth among yours. May He who holds the world in his hands give victory to the rightful cause!”

Our host now entered the room, and told us that the hour approached when the travellers must depart, and our parole would terminate. He had “at length got rid of that drunken trooper,” he said, “and may Heaven defend our good King from such supporters.

He laughs at the idea of his parole, and has invited himself to dine here to-morrow. Let him come !”

I was now requested to depart ; with all imaginable kindness, however, on the part of the good merchant, who explained to me that he was anxious his house should seem quite silent up to the moment of his household’s departure. “ For we do not know,” he said, “ in times like these, what snares may be employed against us.”

He left me alone with Zillah ; but only a few minutes intervened before I rejoined him. I did not dare to press my suit under Zillah’s sad circumstances, and my own penniless condition ; yet I was cheered and comforted by those few minutes, and I found myself walking with a prouder step than I was wont to do.

CHAPTER VII.

Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together.

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After our flight. Now go we in content,

To liberty and not to banishment.

SHAKESPERE.

A starry night, with the March wind blowing cold beneath it, met my view. I only thought how roughly that chilly wind would breathe on Zillah's cheek. Bryan and I rode away in silence, and once more I thought I caught a glimpse of a muffled figure near the door-way. I galloped up to where it stood, and it was gone. Some

phantom perhaps of the only man on earth whom I ever feared.

It was past eleven. In less than two hours, Zillah was to embark ; but long before then, I must be past the Roundheads' city-guard, or forfeit my parole. We rode rapidly through the silent streets until we came to where the Strand begins to open out upon the country behind Charing Cross. Near here was the last outpost of the enemy.

Bryan reined up his horse, and asked me solemnly if I would forgive his leaving me. "I do not speak of leaving the standard," said he, "for I may rejoin it in a week ; and if I never hear it rustle again in a battle-field, I shall be little missed. I have fought hard for it, and been rewarded grudgingly, and almost with scorn ; nevertheless, my heart is still as true to my King as the dial to the sun ; rather than draw a sword against him, I would cut my right arm off. But I have no immediate call to

go back to him. I have a misgiving about those poor ladies sailing away to-night in yonder boat, and though your duty requires you to be at Oxford; mine, I feel it here—in my heart—is to follow and protect those who are dearer to me, (being no Englishman,) than all the politics that ever murdered nations. However, if you have a word to say against it, of course I resign myself to your will. I will follow you to the world's end; but if my foreboding comes true,—and I not there to share the danger—I will never hold up my head again.”

I could not resist the pathos of poor Bryan's voice, or his pleading, to which I felt only too much inclined to yield myself. I gave him free leave to follow his own inclination, but objected as to his parole.

“And did you think that *I* could forget it,” he rejoined, “or leave it to those lying Roundheads to say that an Irishman could not keep his word? I am going almost straight to their guard-house to resign myself

prisoner ; but as to their power to detain me—whoo !”

So saying, he took a leave of me in very brief words ; he did not trust himself to say more, and rode back towards the city. I spurred forward, exhibited my countersigned pass to the city-guard, and sped on towards Oxford with a heavy heart, envying Bryan his enterprize, and his freedom from responsibility.

I finish his story now, before I return to my own narrative.

He galloped back to the Star tavern where he found Archer, as he expected ; he made the best sale he could of his horse to the tavern-keeper, and then proceeded with the sub-lieutenant to the river side. They soon possessed themselves of a wherry, with which Archer repaired to Westminster stairs, while Bryan proceeded to the guard-room ; reclaimed his parole, and requested further leave. This was refused, of course ; and Bryan was marched off as a prisoner with many

Pentateuch imprecations on his obstinacy. He was very meek in his deportment, and appeared very lame, and resigned to his fate. He was, at first, carelessly placed in a large room with many other prisoners ; but a bribe procured him a cell to himself, as well as immunity from search.

A solitary window, very narrow, and apparently beyond his reach, showed him the stars. He hastily unwound a cord from beneath his doublet, and taking a file from his boot, between his teeth, he sprang up to the window ; there was a single bar which gave way to a quarter of an hour's cautious filing ; he squeezed himself through the window-frame and found a descent of some twenty feet to the river's edge. Having made fast one end of the rope to the broken bar, he let himself down by the other, then whistled like the moaning of the wind until it was answered, and Archer, with the wherry, came softly to his aid. Then, taking the oars in his own practised hands, he pulled away with a will down the river.

Coming opposite the appointed spot, he observed the barge waiting there for its precious freight, but he sped on, and close to London Bridge he found a galliot lying at anchor with her sails loose ; he pulled along side of her gently, and explained, in a few words, that he was sent before by Master Crisp to see that all was ready. Then he took leave of the good Archer, who pulled away, and left him to his own resources.

He had not forgotten his seamanship, and he straightway set himself to examine the galliot with such an air of confidence that the skipper formed a very favourable opinion of his skill. He found her a long low vessel, such as was often employed to carry despatches, and for secret service—she drew but three feet of water, and was adapted for oars as well as sailing. On the forecastle a small drake, throwing 3 lb. shot, and loaded to the muzzle, worked upon a pivot. Aft,

there was a small, but comfortable cabin, which had been fitted up for its fair occupants, with care, and even luxury.

The tide was running out strongly, and the little craft lay straining at a single line made fast to the wood-work of the bridge. A fresh wind came down the river in gusts and soon settled into a steady breeze. At Bryan's suggestion, all the sails were set taut, so that they might be able to draw at a moment's notice. He soon perceived that the skipper was a man accustomed to dangerous enterprises, and for certain reasons of his own, anxious to be out of the river as soon as possible without observation: he had but two men and a boy on board with him, and he seemed rejoiced to have such a recruit, as Bryan, to his practised eye, soon proved himself to be.

Having received a confidential intimation

from the young Cavalier, that there might be some danger of arrest, the skipper pointed to the loaded gun, and throwing open his own doublet, showed a brace of pistols and a dirk.

“ I can’t afford to be taken,” he added, with a quiet smile.

“ Good !” was Bryan’s only rejoinder, expressed with hearty satisfaction.

They now listened anxiously, straining their eyes along the faintly star-lit stream, and at length they heard the sound of oars ; a dark object loomed between one of the arches of the bridge, and then the expected barge was alongside. From the bow of the galliot, Bryan watched the embarkation with a beating heart : there were six female figures and *two* men. He started, for he knew that Sturdy alone was to have accompanied his ladies. But soon one of the two returned

into the barge, and pulled away ; it was the merchant, who had taken his last leave of his wife and child.

That moment one of the sailors was about to cut the line that held the galliot to the bridge, when a deep and well-known voice exclaimed, " On your life, forbear !" The sailor, superstitiously alarmed, retreated, and Hezekiah's awful form emerged upon the deck from a small boat that had stolen alongside unperceived, while the travellers were embarking. Bryan thought it better to remain unobserved for the present, but he gently passed along the line from stem to stern, so that the galliot swung slowly round, and soon lay with her head down the river, her sails brailed lightly up, and her oars like folded fins along her sides.

" Master Sturdy," whispered Bryan to the old servant, " you ought to know how to

work a gun?—Good! then look to the drake; the cartridges are under it, and you can light your match at the lamp in the fore-castle. If I tell you to fire, level low, between wind and water. I see a boat yonder, ready to start out upon us.”

He then motioned to the men to look to their oars, and with his finger on his lip signalled to the skipper to stand by the helm. The skipper instinctively obeyed. Men are easily swayed, in moments of critical emergency, by those who seem privy to the danger.

During the three or four minutes that these changes had been taking place, Hezekiah had stood upon the deck, gazing down into the cabin, and apparently absorbed by some inward emotion. At length the merchant's wife appeared, and demanded the reason of his intrusion. He replied, that so

far from intruding, his object had been to save them from molestation, and therefore he had come alone ; but two armed boats waited near to enforce the orders of Parliament, and prevent clandestine departures from the realm.

“ *You* shall go free, lady, nevertheless,” he continued ; “ but there are on board two wards of the Parliament, whom their guardians reclaim by my hands. One of them especially is under grave suspicions of treason against the State and of Popish practices, which this unseemly flight but too much seems to countenance. I do assure you, that all honourable treatment awaits them ; but the power of the State may not be braved with impunity, and I now demand their return to their true friends. You, lady, and these honest men, may then proceed upon your voyage.”

Bryan thought he observed symptoms of wavering in the face of the sailors, who had, in truth, the strongest reasons for wishing themselves well away. Hezekiah also, perhaps, thought he had moved them, for he resumed, addressing himself to the skipper:

“Decide, and you shall not be molested; the fugitives can return without noise in my own boat. Refuse—and there are those at hand who await but a sign.”

“Here it is, then, Jonas!” exclaimed Bryan, as, with a violent jerk from below, he flung the preacher overboard; at the same moment he cut the rope that held the galliot to the bridge, and shouted to the crew: ‘Now you’ve no help for it, so pull for your lives, my hearties, whilst I cast loose the sails. There we go; now steer her in shelter of the shipping, pilot; for the enemy is upon us. Down, Lady, to the cabin,

and make all lie low upon the boards: we shall have their rebelly bullets in amongst us presently; life and death are at stake on the next ten minutes."

The galliot bounded, like a startled deer, over the dark water, and the oars swept wide and strong, for the electrical impulse of danger nerved the sailors' arms. Two boats full of armed men shot out rapidly from the bridge stairs; one paused a while to pick up the discomfited preacher from the water, while the other sped swiftly after the fugitives. A volley of small arms rattled through the air, but the men, unsteadied by the jerking oars, could take no aim. Many vessels lay anchored here and there in the river, and amongst them the skipper steered his little craft cleverly, so as to have always one of them between the pursuers and himself. Sometimes, as the

wind failed, the guard-boat gained upon the galliot; sometimes a gust of wind laid her nearly broadside-to upon the water, and shot her forward almost out of sight. The various shipping alarmed by the firing, swarmed with sailors, who cheered the fugitives, and afterwards the pursuers, as they swept past. And all this time, old Sturdy was peering along his gun, blowing his match from time to time, and reserving his fire until the boat should attempt to close.

The chase and chasers now approached Greenwich, and Bryan could distinguish from the stir ashore that the enemy, roused by the advancing musketry, were launching a guard-boat there: at the same time, the boat that had picked up the preacher began to show, and was approaching rapidly.

“Give way, give way, my gallant hearts!” shouted Bryan; “where the river turns, we

shall have the wind on our quarter, and laugh at 'em—whoo !”

And so saying, he tugged at his own oar, till it bent again, urging the galliot along as if she was alive. And now they reach the river's bend below Greenwich, and as the wind comes fair, the galliot bends to the breeze gallantly, and the lee oars are shipped, and Bryan is at leisure, as she darts away. But her pursuers hold on steadily: they know, and Bryan knows too, that at the next bend of the river, the galliot will have to luff up into the wind, and must then lose way.

“Sturdy,” said he, “I am sure you don't fear a risk, to save those below.”

“I believe you,” growled out the old servant.

“Well,” said Bryan, “the skipper tells me there is a creek runs up to the left, below

here ; you must get into the skiff, and pull for your life in that direction : these Round-head devils will think our friends are escaping, and will give us time to round the next point, when we're safe—or stay—I'll do it myself, for may be they'll hang you if they catch you."

"No, no ! measter !" said the old man, "you be of more use to them nor me : I can but die once, and I'll thank Heaven if I'm let to die in so good a cause."

So saying, the skiff was hauled up alongside ; the old man stepped in, shoved off, and pulled his best towards the marshes. The result was as Bryan anticipated. The pursuers, in obedience to the preacher's hoarse commanding voice, attempted to intercept the skiff which they could just distinguish through the darkness. One only of the three pursued the galliot, and began

to close upon her as she came up into the wind.

Bryan now stood by the gun, restraining himself with difficulty from giving fire; but the boat, in attempting to cut off an angle, took ground upon the mud and stuck fast there: the oars of the galliot, now worked with increasing energy, lifted her triumphantly round the point; she fell off freely then before the wind, her sails took the breeze, and away she flew merrily, setting at defiance all further pursuit.

The skipper grasped Bryan's hand, and swore he ought to be an admiral. The night past swiftly: the morning dawned brightly over the sea, and the young Cavalier was a proud and happy man, as he welcomed his precious charges on the sunny deck, and pointed out the dark coast of danger, fading blue in the distance.

The voyage was propitious, and the galliot found herself at Dunkirk the following night ; but Bryan did not leave the travellers until they were safely lodged in Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

Had it pleased Heaven
To steep me in poverty to the very lips ;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;
I could have borne it. . . .
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life ;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up : to be discarded thence !

ON my return to Oxford, I found energetic preparations making for the ensuing campaign. Prince Rupert was as indefatigable as ever ; but as he confessed to me that his confidence was gone,

“ The last battle,” he said, “ should have been fought at the council-table at Uxbridge ;

and if our ambassadors could not win it, they should have made the best retreat in their power. The heart of our cause is broken : if we happen, in spite of the courtiers, to win one great battle, we may begin the war again ; but to crush our enemies now, is what nothing but themselves can do.”

However, the King was still hopeful and confident, Digby presumptuous as usual ; and Goring, with Ashburnham, and all their boasting crew, professed to want nothing but an opportunity, in order to sweep the Roundheads off the earth. Their professions were soon tested, and with what result, all the world is now well acquainted. Goring having first lost Weymouth by neglect, obtained a command independent of Prince Rupert, and was disgracefully discomfited soon afterwards in Somersetshire. The Roundheads, having “new-modelled” their army under Fairfax

and Cromwell at Windsor, took the field in fine order in the spring, but not until after we had commenced operations.

At first fortune seemed to favour us ; we took Leicester after a bloody conflict, and if we had then advanced northwards, according to Prince Rupert's advice, the King might now be in his palace at Westminster. But Digby and Ashburnham prevailed upon the King to move towards Oxford. On the 14th of June was fought that most fiercely contested battle of Nazeby, with the details of which all England is now so conversant. Our rout from thence was as disgraceful as our fighting had been creditable. Henceforth all was confusion ; a hopeless, unavailing struggle. The King's fortune never rallied, but still the indomitable Rupert day and night strove to raise fresh forces, and to

encourage and supply the few that still remained.

I pass over the various transactions that succeeded, and that are still fresh in every memory. Bristol was taken by the enemy, and Prince Rupert deprived of his command, at the instigation of Digby. The Southern army dissolved, and Goring fled to France. The King retreated to the North; returned to Oxford; gave himself up to the false Scots, and found himself their prisoner. Prince Rupert himself at length left the kingdom and the last loyal garrison was surrendered by the King's order.

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Towards the end of June, 1646, a small vessel might have been observed entering the harbour of Cherbourg. On board of her were nearly a score of Cavaliers, most of them bearing marks of fight. Amongst

them there was one, with his arm in a sling, and a deep gash across his brow,—who lay languidly upon the deck. He was only six and twenty summers old, but care and hardship had doubled the age-marks of as many years. Beside him sat a youth some four years younger; with an eye of fire, and a gallant joyous bearing, that seemed to defy the touch of sorrow. He was gazing earnestly on the shores of merry France, as if his home—or at least his hope were treasured there. From the hold of the vessel was heard the neighing of a horse, as his fine senses warned him of his approach to land: he was as black as night, save where sundry scars showed wounds from steel or shot, that had been healed over, but remained marked by grey hairs. In short, in the vessel now coming to anchor were the outworn Reginald Hastings, the hopeful and indefatigable

Bryan, and the good steed Satan, the only follower left to his landless Lord.

A year and a half had passed over me since I had seen Zillah, but a constant succession of varying and exciting incidents had made that time appear rather shorter than it really was. It was with a sense of mournful satisfaction, that, finding myself an exile, I felt I had done my duty to my King. My brother, my followers, my estate, my prime of life, my best blood, had all been lost in his good cause. He was now, by his own act, in the hands of the Scots, and the loyal sword could avail him nothing more. Henceforth, I was free to wander where I would ; to employ myself as best I might.

It is unnecessary to say that my first thoughts anticipated my steps, in turning to Paris ; there, or rather at St. Germain's,

Zillah, as I believed, was still residing. For the last few months we had obtained no tidings whatever from France, and scarcely indeed from London.

Bryan, when he had long since escorted his adopted charge to Paris, had intended to enter the French King's service, in order to be near her who had now taken entire possession of his heart. But on the first hint of his intention, Fay had exclaimed :

“What ! and leave our own good King to live or die without your aid, to save and to support him. Surely, Sir Bryan is jesting ?”

“It's a grave jest,” he replied, “for it sends me from Paradise to—but, no matter ! Lady, I am going ; instead of all farewell, sing me the words of the music you have just been playing to that old harp of mine.”

Fay blushed deeply, and paused for a little while as if she was making up her mind to some great decision. Then she raised her beautiful head proudly, and sang those noble words of Lovelace with a noble air :

“ I could not love thee, love, so much,
Loved I not honour more.”

Bryan listened with grave pleasure ; then solemnly took her hand, pressed it reverentially to his lips and departed. As soon afterwards as land and sea would permit, he was by my side, riding under the old banner, to the siege of Leicester.

To all my inquiries after Zillah and her sister, he could give me but few answers. On mature consideration, they had thought it best, considering their solitary and unprotected condition, to become pensioners in a nunnery. There they lived safely and in

profound retirement, almost unconscious of the troubles that then agitated France. The merchant's wife, with her daughter, were their only visitors, having taken an adjoining house in order to be near them. In answer to several letters that I had addressed to Zillah, I had received only the following two, which I here transcribe; they were written at intervals of six months, and the most recent was half a year old.

“To the Lord Hastings.

“I have received your two letters, one by Mr. Elliot, the King's messenger to our Queen; the other I know not by what means; but both reached me under cover to Mistress Crisp. I do not wish to add to your anxieties by preserving silence, but I fear I am scarcely justified in writing to you. I almost feel shame when any of our secluded

sisterhood approaches me, and instinctively I cover up my letter. How can I be right in doing that which I seek to conceal?

“You ask me if I still remember you: my number of friends is so small that I cannot afford to forget one who has ever proved so faithful and so true. A convent is not a place wherein to forget; there, memory alone is active. The present is a blank as regards this life; the future looks dim through cloister windows. Yet these convents are doubtless happy asylums for lonely, friendless women in distracted times like these; safe places of refuge for both soul and body as long as we can preserve our own faith pure from their temptations. For the soul may be pampered while the body starves: fasts and vigils have their luxuries, discipline its vanities, asceticism its intemperance. The Roman

doctrine seems to win the spirit through the medium of the flesh ; the Reformers sternly demand the conversion of the spirit first, and seek the fruits of its regeneration in the flesh. I much fear, however, for Phœbe's sake, that we have ill-chosen our retreat, for she at once strove to soothe her sorrows by penances ; and I fear she may at last shelter her poor heart beneath the veil.

“ You know we had hoped to find Madame de Coligny here ; she is a Protestant and a woman of high character, but she had, unfortunately, left Paris for La Vendée, and we were afraid to follow her through this distracted country. We then appeared to have no other refuge open to us than this convent, for Fay and her mother intend to proceed to Venice as soon as they can procure an opportunity. I cannot bring myself to depart so far away from my own dear country whilst

her present struggle continues. Our Queen is very kind to us, and often sends us news from England. She lives in great poverty though the royal family of France are as generous as they can afford to be, since their own supplies are stopped. I have had the happiness of contributing to her necessities, and it is almost the only pleasure I have enjoyed of late years.

“I do not presume to murmur at the sorrows and anxieties that have so long been my lot. I would not abate one of them, in the belief that they are but another form of mercy. If it be only through darkness and suffering that our path may lead into light at last, I would not that my fate—or yours, were ever brightened by one earthly joy.”

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The second letter, written long afterwards, was as follows :

“This once more I have determined to reply to your letters. I cannot think without sympathy and deep pain of all your sufferings. Nazeby will ever be a name of dread. I know not whether it be from mere woman’s waywardness, or misgiving of the present conqueror’s intentions, but I fear from the latter more than I ever did from the King. Ours is a noble people; but if the most gifted and informed minds may not safely be trusted with supreme authority, it is far more dangerous for the Many, whose rivalry seems never to be for general or unselfish good.

“Last night I was summoned to the *grille* to see some stranger from England; I thought he might bring news from you, and unhappily I went to meet him. Do you not already feel who it was? Yes, that fearful man stood there, looking spectral in

his paleness and his wasted form. He even spoke with an altered voice; very quietly, very gently. He exhorted me to return to England with my cousin, Colonel Hutchinson's brother, who has accompanied him on some secret mission to the French Protestants. He told me that otherwise the whole of our property would be confiscated to the State, which was now triumphant over all its enemies. He said that he merely advised me from a sense of duty; and for the last time, he added, as the congregation of the righteous had taken offence at some idle reports, and he could not give any more advice, or assist me further, by his presence or otherwise. He spoke so calmly and considerately, and laid my duty to my poor tenants so clearly before me, that

“But I must break off. Fay comes to tell me that the post—the last perhaps for

weeks—is about to be despatched to England, and that he waits below: I will soon write again. I can now only commit you to the care of * * * *

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Such was the last news I had received from Zillah. Since then, my life had been an uninterrupted succession of skirmishes, journeyings, earnest negotiations, narrow escapes. I now found myself on the road to Paris, harassed by painful doubt as to whether I should yet find her whom I sought, whose presence I had so longed for as the best happiness in life.

I was able to travel but slowly, and was glad to avail myself of Bryan's offer to precede me, and make inquiries in the French capital. He was so anxious to arrive there on his own account, that consideration for me alone restrained his eagerness to push on.

He was proportionably relieved when I begged him to do so in order to serve me. I envied him as I saw him mount, full of health, and strength, and hope, with a conviction that he should find her whom he faithfully loved, in so short a time. The young knight was now about one-and-twenty years of age. His frame, well-exercised in every athletic exercise, presented a perfect model of strength, symmetry, and activity. His merry eyes alone detracted from the energetic and firm expression of his countenance; they seemed always changing under their dark eyebrows that spread beneath a well-developed forehead. His mouth was somewhat large, but it was now shaded by large moustachios; and though it spoke scarcely a word of French, that mouth found words to conciliate, to amuse, or to awe all those with whom he came in contact. Brave to a fault, faithful

to the death, full of resources, of indomitable energy,—he seemed born to be a soldier in such trying times as these.

At the end of the fifth day after he had left me, I was rejoiced to see him enter the little inn at Evreux, where I then lay. But I soon observed that his look was anxious and distressed, and instead of announcing his news, he seemed desirous to defer doing so until our meal was ended. At length, he thus delivered himself:

“After I left you, I scarcely rested until I reached Paris, though I had some little difficulty on the way, from the Roundheads of this country, who tried to pillage me. At Paris I fell in with a messenger of my Lord Jermyn’s, who conducted me to our Queen’s residence at St. Germain. There I easily found people to show me to the convent where the ladies pensioned. My guide was

one of the Queen's equerries; he told me he had heard that the rules of the convent were very strict, and so I thought it better to call on my lady Crisp by the way. But she was gone! gone with her daughter into Italy, they said; to some place called Venice. I had then no help for it but to march straight to the convent door, where I was answered by a sour-visaged old portress, who just looked at me, and then shut the door in my face. I did not know what to do, for I daren't break the window or climb over the wall, as I might have done if it had been only a Roundhead's garrison; but what could I do against a houseful of women?

"As I was thinking over this, I saw a priest pass by, and I explained to him as well as I could that I was of his own Church, and had business of great importance with English ladies in the convent. To say the

truth, he looked a great deal too knowing on such matters for a priest ; but he was a good-natured sort of fellow, and just then the equerry came back for me, and explained to his reverence what I wanted : so he knocked at the convent-door in a quiet, cautious manner, and the sour-faced old woman put her head out once more. She and the priest then began to jabber in such a passionate manner, that I thought they'd fight ; but suddenly they stopped talking ; the priest raised his hat as if he were saluting a princess, and the old harridan drew herself back into her den. Then his reverence explained to me, by the equerry's help, that the portress had sworn her life was persecuted out of her by heretics and islanders, ever since the English ladies had come to dwell there.° The holy house was quite losing its character, too ;

but ever since one of the ladies had gone off with a heretic preacher, the lady-abbess had given strict orders that no stranger whatever should be admitted, in order, if possible, to preserve to the true faith the precious soul of the sister that was left, and who was then performing her noviciate !”

Such was Bryan’s brief, but disastrous tale. He appeared himself to be deeply grieved at the tidings which he felt would so suddenly and utterly prostrate all my happiest hopes. For me, his intelligence was almost overwhelming. Zillah, whom I had so long and so entirely loved, that she shared my very existence, warmed the blood in my veins, and seemed to qualify the air I breathed :—Zillah, the lofty-minded, noble-hearted Englishwoman, whom I proudly looked upon as the pattern of perfection—

what was she now? I did not dare to think ; I did not dare to imagine into what steps that accursed Puritan might have led her.

I strove to frame for her excuses ; I thought of her long and lonely vigils in that gloomy convent ; I thought of her ardent imagination picturing to itself the most arduous duties, but preserving ever the dignity and self-respect that seemed to belong to her, like her own features. But I could not—no, not with all a lover's blind superstition—I could not acquit her. I knew that her departure with that dangerous man must have been at least voluntary—that it would have been resisted by every means, if the convent could have interfered. Alas ! it was entirely, utterly, her own act. Heaven help her, and shield her beauty and her genius in the only refuge that now remains to her—the tomb !

Zillah!—to think that thy name, so long associated with purity and nobleness, should be now a word that I fear to hear spoken by the scoffers against womankind! To think, that whilst I was struggling, through toil, and suffering, and danger, to preserve that honour of which you were ever the guiding star; to believe that even then, you were sinking beneath the arts of a thrice-proven villain! And *now*, there was no excuse; your father was sheltered in his happy grave from the false Puritan's power, and you were left free—too free!

A thousand reflections such as these, came thronging through my mind that dismal night. By the morning's earliest dawn, I was again on the road. I sought the convent and was repulsed still more rudely than my messenger had been. I hastened to the Court of our Queen at St. Germain's, im-

plored and obtained an audience. I was coldly received; her Majesty had set her heart upon Phœbe's conversion, and spoke with more than coldness of Zillah and of her mysterious disappearance from the retreat which "Providence and the holy Church had so graciously offered to her."

Lord Jermyn was at this time absent; I sought him in Paris, and he entered kindly into my feelings.

"I can tell you nothing," said he, "of the elder of these two sisters,—but the younger has been marked down for a nun, and nothing but a miracle can save her from the convent's solemn snares. As your object, however, is to obtain an interview with her, I will give you a note to the almoner of the convent,—who is also, I am sorry to say, in our Queen's pay—and he will do for you all that can be done."

Armed with this introduction I sought and discovered the almoner ; but I found that Phœbe was unapproachable. I endeavoured urgently to know if there had been the promised letter left for me by Zillah, but this the abbess indignantly denied — saying, “ that the blessed convent of St. Ursula was no house of call and appointment for every profligate heretic ; no, Heaven forbid ! The last heretic that should ever enter those doors, was the old villain who had decoyed away her precious charge.”

It is useless to dwell on all the means that I employed, for weeks, to obtain some clue to Zillah’s retreat. At length my heart saddened down to the conviction that I had no right to seek it. She had made her own election. By this time she was probably restored to her father’s home, and the accursed Hezekiah was lording it over her and hers

as chaplain, if not by a nearer and prouder title !

Alas ! there it must all end ; my hope and faith in Zillah ; my life's love, my heart's pride —all was blighted and destroyed for ever.

* * * *

I was still young, however, and without the means to live ; it was necessary for mind and body that I should do something. I loathed the very name of war ; its honours and its objects had always been associated in my thoughts with Zillah. I had a scorn for those who hired out their blood, as Goring and others had lately done, to foreign Powers. Yet, something I must do. I was as poor in the world's wealth as in all higher sources of enjoyment and of life. I had heard much of Switzerland ; of its honest industry ; of its poverty, dignified by independence ; of its reformed faith and free exercise of religion.

I felt that its sublime scenery would be soothing to my soul, and I hoped that its solitudes would strengthen and regenerate my broken and wayward spirit.

To be brief—for my tale draws near its close—Bryan and I left Paris and travelled as far as Geneva together. Thence he proceeded to Venice, and I wandered along the shores of the beautiful Lake Lemman for many a day—a solitary pilgrim. Gradually, from paroxysms of grief, my mind settled down into more chastened sorrow. At length I was able to feel that I ought to create for myself some new object in life, and was even strong enough to act on that conviction.

It was towards the close of a stormy day in autumn, that I paused—wearied with my long travel, by the road-side near Lausanne. I carefully scanned the beautiful fields all round, as a bird of passage might hover over

a wood before it settled where to rest. A storm that had agitated the sky all day, was raging far away among the mountains. The sun struggled out from among the clouds before he set, and flung one parting smile over the agitated waters of the lake, that seemed as dark as my own doom. Only from heaven, thought I, can any light now shine upon my lot ; so it is best. But lo ! that sun-light moving along the waters, seems approaching ; and now, it pauses, and beams steadily on yon green field, and lights up that cottage window as for a festival. There shall be my home ! * * *

A year since then has passed away. I am an inhabitant of that cottage. The vines around it have been planted and pruned by my own hands. The heap of fire-wood behind the house has been felled and gathered by these arms. That grass has been twice

mown, those cattle have been tended, that
corn has been sowed and reaped—all by the
sweat of my own brow. A poor decrepid,
half-idiot, boy has been my only servant ; my
good black steed my only comrade.

CHAPTER IX.

Si muero en tierras ajenas.

If in this exile dark and drear,
To which my heart has doomed me now,
I should unnoticed die—what tear,
What tear of sympathy will flow?
For I have sought an exile's woe,
And fashioned mine own misery:
Who then will pity me?

CANCIONERO DE AMBERES.

IF labour be a struggle, it is a brief one,
or seems to be so. Time flies before the
woodman's axe, the labourer's spade. That

we should "gain our bread by the sweat of our brow" is a curse that bears a blessing also. Toil calms and purifies the troubled mind; it seems, as it were, to satisfy the penalty of the primeval curse, and by the sacrifice of the body to purchase the spirit's rest. Over a gateway, in the neighbouring town of Vevay, is an inscription of very deep meaning to me, and such as me; "LABORARE EST ORARE," is written there: "Work is Worship," acceptable to heaven, as is proven by the quiet conscience of the earnest worker. In my soul and body-strengthening toil, I have found, if not happiness, that which is better—contentment.

Sometimes my few leisure moments are haunted by thoughts of her whom I shall see no more, but I exorcise such thoughts by some new labour. From time to time

vague rumours arrive, borne hither from distracted England ; some saying that the divided factions were each striving to place our sovereign at its head ; others that he was to be detained an honoured prisoner only until the new constitution was completed. At length the fearful tidings came that astonished all Christendom ; he had been slain by the demagogues, in the midst of his weeping people, in the front of his own home ; in the face of day.

I do not trust myself to speak of that event. I met the disaster in my own way ; I took in a new field from the barren hill-side and worked it into fertility, in order to distract my mind from the contemplation of my slaughtered King.

I had long expected to hear from Bryan : at length, on visiting Geneva, I found a letter addressed to me at the house of

the goldsmith, who had managed all my small affairs. My friend had been received with kindness by the merchant's wife, and with honour by the State of Venice, which had almost instantly employed him in its powerful Marine. In that great commercial navy, he had good prospect of wealth as well as of honour, and he was about to sail for the Indies when he wrote. He said nothing of the beautiful Fay, but his letter was so full of happy hope, that I felt satisfied about her. A year and a half had elapsed since the time that he was to sail, and I began to expect that he might soon return and find the reward due to his valour and devotion. But, alas ! what could *I* hope for him from woman's constancy?

* * * *

Sept. 1649.—A long interval has elapsed since I last wrote the blotted story of my now

peaceful life. The long summer days, with all the duteous cares I owe to my mother-earth, have occupied my time in attending to her wants ; or rather to her bountiful supply of mine. The vintage, too, has brought me more into contact with my fellow-creatures, and a circumstance, that happened not long ago, has almost given me interest in a woman—a simple village girl though she be.

About a mile from Lausanne, close to the lake, stands the little village of Ouchy, consisting of some dozen houses and a pretty inn. On fête days and holidays, the neighbouring cottagers are accustomed to assemble in the garden of this inn ; the elders to drink their wine and gossip, the younger people to dance round the village tree, and amuse themselves as their happy hearts may dictate.

Lonely as I was and wished to be, I was

by no means a misanthrope, and often I was attracted by sympathy to the neighbourhood of their little festivals. I used to lie upon the shore with a volume of Will Shakspeare or Spenser's poems, just within sight and hearing of the picturesque groups and their cheerful noises.

On one such evening, I had not long taken up my favourite position, when I observed some of the village youths and maidens entering a small sailing-boat, and endeavouring to persuade a timid girl to enter too. It was the daughter of the widowed landlady of the little inn, the *belle* of the surrounding country; and I was greatly struck by the natural and unaffected but exquisite grace of her appearance. She was something under the middle size, but beautifully formed; her figure, finely-rounded, above and below her taper waist, presented a

very model of symmetry, which the costume of the country set off to the highest advantage. Her large dark eloquent eyes were over-arched by delicately pencilled eye-brows that contrasted well with a snow-white, though somewhat freckled forehead ; the warm colour of her cheek, and her rich ripe lips bespoke the perfect health that thrilled through every fibre of her frame.

All this I observed long afterwards, however ; the distance at which I now lay, prevented me from noting anything except the expressive gracefulness of her figure, as she stood by the little boat, hesitating as to whether she should enter it. At length she entered and took her place, while the young villagers shoved off in triumph, and thoughtlessly loosened the large lateen sail to the gusty wind that began to ruffle over the bosom of the lake. I could see that the

crew understood little of its management, and I watched their progress with some anxiety, as they stood out from shore. They had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards, when a breeze took the sail aback, and almost laid the boat on her beam-ends; she began to fill, and cries of terror from the shore echoed back screams of distress from the little party on the lake.

Throwing off my coat, I plunged in and swam towards the boat: in a few minutes I found myself alongside, and scrambled aboard, putting down the helm, I soon brought her head to wind, making the young men bale out the water with their caps, while I trimmed the sail, and got sufficient way upon the boat to enable me to tack; then putting her about, I ran for shore, and soon had the satisfaction to see the frightened girls restored to the arms of their friends,

whilst I was overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude for the simple service I had rendered them.

About an hour afterwards, having changed my clothes, I returned to my favourite resting-place by the shore, upon which the rising waves now beat angrily, while the sounds of mirth from the gardens showed that the spirits of the villagers had been only stimulated by the late adventure. Nor was it without pleasure that I saw the innkeeper's daughter approaching with her timid, fawn-like manner, to offer me her thanks. As she called me her deliverer, and expressed her gratitude in the eloquent fashion of her country, I found a new sensation rising within me, and I could not resist her modest invitation to share her mother's hospitality. I accompanied her to the inn, therefore, and was warmly welcomed there, where an ex-

tempore feast was provided, and crowned with some fine old wine of the *Côte*, yon sunny line of hills that slope downwards to the lake, towards Vevay.

Here, seated by the side of Marguerite (for so she was called), I yielded myself with only too much facility to the charm of an intercourse to which I had been long a stranger. Marguerite was by no means ill-informed, though all her information had the attraction of novelty and originality to me. She displayed an acquaintance, that surprised me, with the history and brave actions of her countrymen; her imagination, as well as her memory, was enriched with a thousand legends appertaining to her beautiful lake, and its shores, and its mountains. The wild flowers, and shrubs, and healing plants, that grew among the woods and valleys, were familiar to her, with all their

beauties and their virtues ; and all her little stores of knowledge were so diffidently, yet frankly laid open to my inquiries, that time flew by unnoticed : so I talked and listened.

From that day forward life has had a new interest for me. Whenever the labours of the day are done, I am sure to find the soft-eyed Marguerite on the walk by the waterside, and she does not dissemble the innocent pleasure with which she greets my punctual appearance there. My cottage looks lonely when I return to it, and though I guard myself carefully from betraying any such thoughts to her, I sometimes think that in her pure and artless love and sympathy, and in a life and death of obscurity amongst the mountains, I might perchance find repose for my wounded spirit, and as much happiness as my heart is yet capable of. But ever, following close upon such thoughts,

there interposes a memory of a higher, nobler nature, which, though fallen and deceitful, has power, even in imagination, to chase away all rivals; it is only when I find myself once more in presence of Marguerite that the ideal yields to the real, and I forget for the while everything but the happiness of being loved.

What have I written? Alas! it is too true! I have unconsciously won the love of that poor village girl, and I can read the effects of it in a thousand symptoms. Not only is her pure cheek grown changeful in its colouring, and her voice falters, and her bright eyes often fill with tears, as she tries, and not in vain, to sooth the sorrow that has furrowed my brow and wasted my young heart; but her whole moral being seems changed. Always refined by nature, her mind seems to have acquired a delicacy and

fine perception that nothing but a deep sympathy for another could have inspired. She soon found out that I was an Englishman, and she immediately applied the active powers of her intelligence to learn everything relating to my hapless country that her narrow means of information afforded. She knew that we had been at war, and she immediately concluded that I was a great warrior, and a defeated one. She knew that our King had been slaughtered, and she concluded that I must have been his friend. This conviction seemed, strange to say, to give her pleasure; for her quick woman's instinct had probably apprehended that my deep forlorn sorrow was owing to some more tender cause.

One evening she told me with great glee that she expected her uncle on the morrow; that he had been a great traveller, even so far as England, and that he had been absent

for a long time. He was very dear, having been like a father to her. He had first taught her to read and think on subjects different from those that occupied the village mind; and he always brought her books and foreign presents when he returned from his travels. For some undefined reason, I was not pleased to hear of this arrival. I felt that by some means or other it would interfere with my newly-discovered source of enjoyment; and, what was worse, I felt that it was well for Marguerite that it should be so!

* * * *

Oct. 1649.—A month has elapsed since last I wrote, and brought with it momentous changes in my mind. How altered have all external things become at the same time! —But I must force myself to resume the thread of my story.

Marguerite's old kinsman arrived, as she had expected, and I was scarcely surprised, instead of his young relative, to find him at our usual place of meeting; I concluded at once that the tall, grave-looking person whom I there encountered must be the man. He seemed to expect me, for he saluted me courteously, though formally, as I approached, and without any preface, entered into conversation with me in very tolerable English. We spoke of our respective countries; and as we continued to walk to and fro, his serious manner seemed to give way to some more pleasant impressions. He told me that he was a travelling merchant, who passed most of his time between the cities of Italy, France, and England; and that he occasionally returned to his native place, to refresh himself with its simplicity and peacefulness: but he added, that his

nature become restless from long habit ; that he required excitement, and was about to indulge himself for a few days in hunting the chamois of the Alps. He said he was aware of our English passion for the chase, and that he would feel great pleasure if I would accompany him.

I grasped eagerly at his offer, and stifled the regret I felt at leaving my pleasant evenings with Marguerite. I had long desired, however, to visit the snowy mountains that he spoke of, and hunting was still a passion with me sufficiently strong to have survived all my misfortunes. We parted, therefore, agreeing to cross the Lake on the following morning ; and, during our long conversation, the name of poor Marguerite had never been once mentioned.

That evening I employed myself in furnishing up my carbine, and setting my little

household affairs in order. I had been stationary under my humble roof so long, that my forthcoming expedition seemed to me quite eventful. When I had made all my preparations, it was near midnight, and I sallied forth to a little thicket that stood in the middle of my vineyard.

A few rays of the young moon struggled through the autumnal leaves, and fell upon a tomb, which, in my first feeling of bereavement, I had raised "to the memory of Zillah's faith." Many an hour had passed over me, in not angry sadness, as I sat and carved these words: it was a foolish fancy, but it gave me something whereon to fix my thoughts; the place became to me as a shrine, which, in the absence of all others, served to attract my wandering steps. As I drew near it now, I started. The hour of the night, the dim mysterious shadows,

the profound silence—all tended to inspire a superstitious feeling; and as I gazed, I saw, or thought I saw, a female figure, clothed all in white, and looking like a spirit standing by the tomb!

After a moment's trepidation, I rushed forward, tore the branches apart, and—clasped Marguerite in my arms! It was with an alarmed and disappointed feeling that I separated myself from her, and placed her gently and respectfully upon the stone.

After a few minutes' silence, she spoke; but as I cannot give her artless words in their own touching phrase and language, I shall not attempt to repeat them. She had found out this spot long since, but never ventured to question me about it. She had copied the inscription, and at length, with the assistance of her uncle's books, had discovered the meaning. She evidently misunderstood its application, how-

ever, and thought (scarcely the less jealously for that) that some dead rival had occasioned it. It was accidentally that I had now found her here: the poor girl had been wandering about, desiring to speak to me, but did not venture to approach my door. Finally, she resolved to watch for me until morning, and meanwhile had been attracted to this mysterious spot from the hope of finding something further there.

Her uncle, it appeared, had discovered her secret soon after his arrival. He had been so angry thereat, that she feared for my life, for she said he was a man fierce in his wrath, when it was once roused: he had spoken of dishonour, of profligate Cavaliers, and of various other matters that she did not understand. At length, when he heard somewhat more about me, he had become a little pacified, and promised her to do nothing until he had satisfied himself

as to my designs. But, finally, he had warned her, at her peril, never to see me again, alone. He had affirmed that, from all he heard, I must be some Englishman of high rank, who was merely taking refuge in Switzerland from the violence of party; perhaps seeking shelter from the punishment due to some great crime.

Shocked and terrified at all this accusation so new and incredible to her, the poor girl had hidden herself to observe our meeting, had heard her uncle invite me to this dangerous expedition, and had resolved to warn me of the peril I should incur by joining it. Her uncle, she said, loved her beyond anything in the world, except what he called honour; and, deeply as she respected him, she feared he would not scruple to put me out of the way, if anything that I should say afforded him an occasion of quarrel.

I almost felt remorse when I discovered the strength of Marguerite's affection by the effort that she had made for me. I thanked her perhaps too gratefully, and alluded to the truth of her uncle's warning perhaps too slightly. I laughed at the idea of danger from any mortal foe, and she seemed to take a proud comfort in my scorn of it. At length, I persuaded her to return home, and promised to tell her all that she desired to know concerning me, when I returned from the mountains. I then watched her to her own door, saw her raise the latch cautiously, look wistfully back upon the shore, and disappear.

CHAPTER X.

Hinauf, hinauf!

Im Sprung, im Lauf!

Wo die Luft so leicht, wo die Sonne so klar,

Nur die Gemse springt, nur horst der Mar,

Wo der Menschengewühl zu Füßen mir rollt,

Wo der Donnergebrühl tief unten grollt :

Das ist der Ort, wo die Majestät

Sich herrlich den Herrscher Thron erhöht,

Die stille Balm

Hinan! hinan!

Dort pfeifet die Gemse! Ha, springe nur vor,

Nachsetzet der Jäger, und fliegt empor.

" Kaiser Mar."

AT daylight I was by the water-side, and there I found my intended companion, Arnold

Berthier, already waiting. He seemed to have put off the merchant with his traveling-dress, and now, in his hunter's simple garb, with an eagle's eye, and a mountaineer's bold bearing, he looked as unlike the man of cities as possible. His only weapons were a carbine and a hunting-knife, but he carried a long pole, shod with iron, to assist him over the glaciers. A case-bottle of spirits, and a sort of satchel slung crosswise over his shoulders, completed his equipment.

He addressed me very courteously, and welcomed me to a new sport, with which he appeared to be perfectly familiar. As we were rowed across the lake, however, his conversation soon changed to graver subjects, and he spoke of the present state of England in so cautious a manner, that I thought it better to tell him frankly that I belonged to

the King's party, for which I had fought to the very last.

Arnold seemed pleased with my frankness, and gave me to understand that matters had changed little for the better in my country ; that it lay under a central military despotism in fact, while half-a-dozen Major-Generals ruled over the rural districts like so many Eastern Satraps.

“ It is a pity,” he added, “ that the people never can govern themselves, or learn how to exercise that power which they can so easily acquire. You, I believe, are a nobleman ?”

“ I am called Neville,” I replied, (for I had assumed my mother's maiden name), “ and in my own country I believe I am considered as a gentleman.”

“ An extensive title,” observed my com-

panion ; “ comprising not only nobility, but royalty itself, as I have heard. However, I do not mean to pry into your private affairs—at least, not at present, for here we are in Savoy.”

On landing from the boat, we struck off the road abruptly through the mountains ; and Arnold seemed resolved to put my pedestrian powers to the test, for he strode away at a pace that few but those accustomed to such exercise from early youth could have sustained. As we ascended into pure and more elevated regions, he stepped out still more energetically, and only halted at mid-day, when hunger reminded him of the hour.

“ By my faith,” said he, as we sat down by a crystal rivulet welling out from the flowery turf, “ you islanders walk well. I doubt me, you are more than a match for

Arnold Berthier, who could once beat any man in Switzerland.”

I returned the compliment, and inquired whether we should find any game that day.

“Scarcely,” he replied. “You see yonder black speck upon the verge of the snow? Well, that is a *châlet*, where we shall rest for the night, and by the first dawn you will be on our hunting-ground, and we shall test your aim.”

When we resumed our march, my companion became still more communicative and agreeable, and I could not imagine what Marguerite could have thought it necessary to warn me against, in a companion so brave, and frank, and kindly. When we entered the *châlet*, I lay down by his side with a sense of perfect security and confidence. If I placed my hunting-knife ready to my grasp,

it was only as a precaution against the possible visit of wolves or bears: the night wind, moaning round our rude hut and through its numerous crevices, reminded me dismally of the ravenous howlings of such creatures. Once, indeed, there came a sound so wild and unearthly, that it penetrated into my sleeping ear; and I opened my eyes, half ashamed of seeming alarmed in the presence of my companion. But, by the clear starlight shining in through the open casement, I saw that he, too, was awake; and in an attitude half erect, was gazing at me with such a stern, if not fierce expression of countenance, that I involuntary rose, as though to encounter him.

He merely raised his finger with a listening gesture, and said in a low and solemn voice: "Englishman, did you not hear just now that devilish noise? The wild peasants

who live near these unearthly solitudes tell strange stories of ghostly things, that are not only heard but seen here. Hark! again that demon yell!"

As he spoke, in tones that lent horror to his words, the same terrible sound came quivering to our ears, and seemed to spread itself, slowly, far away over the mountains. It was more like a despairing moan, wrung from some agonized heart, than any cry that wild beasts could make. I asked Arnold in a low voice, whether he did not think it might proceed from some fellow-creature in distress.

"Fellow-creature!" he rejoined, in the same low tones, "what could fellow-creatures of flesh and blood be doing here at such an hour. I tell thee solemnly, that there are things of another world around us here. Sleep, if thou hast a firm heart, and

forget them. Meanwhile, I will close up the window with these pine branches, for I like not that pale ghostly star-light."

So saying he rose, and thrust an armful of the pine-branches, with which the hut was stored, into the window place, effectually excluding the air and leaving us in total darkness.

I have been in many scenes that tried stout nerves, without affecting mine; but I confess that when I found myself alone, with this strange man, in profound darkness and silence only broken by unearthly groans, I found my heart beat rapidly. I called to mind the words of Marguerite, and the expression that I had seen on the Switzer's face. Every movement that he had made, I imagined was towards my throat. Once the nerves are excited, everything jars upon them: I could not bear further suspense.

“I will look out,” I said, “be it man or fiend that makes that fearful noise. Nothing can be worse than watching for it thus.”

And so saying, I rose and groped my way towards where I imagined the door to be. My hands met something warm and stirring, from which I recoiled with a shudder. It was only Arnold,—who, however, had evidently no more thoughts than I had, of resuming his rest.

“Where is your boasted English courage, now?” he demanded almost scornfully.

“You may yet live to prove it ;” I replied, now forcing my way towards the entrance.

“I may yet *die* to prove it, I presume you mean ;” said my companion giving way ; “well, it is just possible,” he added in a graver tone.

I now dragged open the rugged door, and

stood in the bright open air. How bright it seemed after the darkness and dismay of that miserable hut ! The faintest streak of dawn was already touching the mountain tops with a delicate rose-colour, but all the rest of that magnificent tract of snow, looked pale blue in the starry gloaming. At a short distance beneath us, was a forest of pines, but above, to the very skies, all was smooth, unsullied snow or jagged glacier. That glimpse of dawn at once restored me to myself, and like a good angel, dispelled all the dark visions that had haunted me. I stepped back into the hut, flung myself on my bed of leaves once more, and was soundly asleep in a trice.

A whisper from my companion wakened me; his carbine was in his hand and he beckoned me to the door, which he had partly opened: it looked toward the mountain, but a steep

precipice of snow shut out the view in that direction. Arnold, however, was pointing upwards; and drawing near him, I could see, relieved against the sky, the graceful form of a chamois, that seemed to keep watch for a herd of about a dozen others that were couching near, or just stretching their limbs to the sun's first rays.

"Now fire," whispered Arnold in the most friendly manner. It was without any thought, except of a sportsman's courtesy, that I declined, and motioned to him to fire first. He gave me a look of anger that I did not then understand, accusing me of distrust; but he did fire, and with so true an aim, that the sentinel chamois came tumbling down, almost to the very spot where we were standing.

I ran forward and caught a glimpse of the herd as they bounded by. A sense of keen

rivalry, as well as of a hunter's zeal, nerved my hand, and I knocked over the leading chamois with my bullet: he bounded high in air and then rolled down into the depth, far far below.

“Well done, by St. Hubert!” exclaimed Arnold, with generous impulse; “I have never seen that feat performed before, though I have heard of it in England,—but hark! there is that fearful sound once more! it must—it must be human!”

We hastened away in different directions to search, and at length Arnold shouted from a neighbouring ravine, down which a mountain torrent was rushing furiously. I followed its wild guidance as rapidly as I was able, and I soon saw the hunter supporting a tall human form on one knee, and applying his case-bottle to the stranger's lips.

I drew back with instinctive dread as I saw

the face of Hezekiah Doom, ghastly, supernaturally pale. His right shoulder seemed to be dislocated, and he could not move the arm that he had always held wrapped in his cloak; it was now extended helplessly, and at the end of it was—no hand! a bare stump—on which the black scorching bars of the executioner's iron remained still visible,—was there instead.

The wretched man appeared almost insensible, and Arnold motioned to me to carry him by the cloak towards our hut. This seemed necessary, for a storm was gathering on Mont Blanc, and if it burst upon us where we stood, the swollen torrent would soon sweep away the very ground on which we trod. Therefore, we bore him along carefully and laboriously, and at length laid him on the bed of leaves from which I had lately risen.

Having placed the sufferer in the easiest posture we could devise, Arnold motioned to me to accompany him outside the hut, and thus addressed me :

“The man is dying ; he uttered the shrieks we heard last night ; probably, in the delirium of his agony. Mortification seems to have set in, and he will be soon at rest. I know him. He was at Geneva some sixteen years ago, where he displayed great talent in our schools, especially for eloquence. He went away, none knew whither, but he has lately returned looking like a spectre. A few days since, I learned from Calvin Marrast, our great preacher, that he had announced his determination to proceed on a mission to convert the Popish people of the Alps. Marrast spoke to him of the dangers he would incur, not only from the nature of the country, but from the inquisition.

He smiled a woeful smile at the warning, and departed. Well! here he lies: he has fallen over a precipice, and will, I think, never leave this spot; but we must not let him die like a dog. Now, while he is quiet, I will run down to yonder village in the valley, where I know the Curé; he is a skilful leech, and may do something for this poor creature; if, which I doubt, there be any life left in him. Do you watch over him, and give him no drink without some spirit to temper the icy-water."

So saying, Arnold Berthier placed his spirit-flask in my hands, and rapidly descending the mountain, was soon lost to view. I silently re-entered the hut, and sat down by the wounded man. After some time he gave signs of returning consciousness; a deep sigh escaped his lips, and he strove to turn on his left-side. I put out my hands to

assist him ; his eyes met mine, and with a long, suppressed groan, he averted his face, and seemed to relapse into insensibility.

For an hour I sat in silence by the side of my bitterest, my only enemy ; the incarnation of my evil destiny, who had blighted every prospect of my happiness, and made my life utterly desolate. There he lay before me, almost motionless, except when a groan of agony ran through his exhausted frame, and painfully proved that life was still trembling there.

What a mystery is the human heart ! When we are in the power of our adversary ; when we are trampled on, crushed, and almost subdued beneath his evil influence, our soul rises up wrathfully against him ; but when he is prostrated, down-stricken and powerless we are forced to forego thoughts of the ven-

geance that once seemed as if it would be so sweet; his misery masters us far more than his prosperous power, and we are constrained to mourn for him even as if he were a brother: all strife, all hatred merged in the strange but blessed sympathy with a fellow creature's woe.

If it had been my brother that lay there I could not have tended him more anxiously, wiped his moistened brow more tenderly, or prayed for him more earnestly. At length, he seemed to hear my prayer: he turned round his poor bruised frame, and gazed upon me with a look of wonder in his eyes; he appeared to listen with astonishment; perhaps some dark and cherished prejudice was giving way, for at last he spoke, in a subdued and hollow voice:

“Is this another temptation sent to try—to mock me? or do I indeed hear words

of prayer over a fallen enemy, uttered by the proud and wrathful Hastings! Yea, it is even so. Blessed art thou then, and happy shalt thou be! The mysterious ways of Providence are justified; the darkness leadeth into light. Poor blinded worm that I was, I can see that I have wronged thee; but verily thou art avenged!"

He ceased to speak, and a few minutes afterwards, Arnold re-entered the hut with the village pastor; the latter a fine hale old man, carrying sundry vials in his scrip, and attended by four stout villagers with a rude sort of litter. With skilful and gentle hands, the reverend mountaineer removed the sufferer's garments, one by one, and cautiously examined his bruised body.

At length the Priest said: "There is no deadly harm done; exhaustion and weakness are the worst of his ailing. We must bind

up his shoulder and carry him to better shelter."

So saying, he applied some cordial to the wounded man's pale lips ; and his patient was soon sufficiently restored to say that he had fallen from the cliff some four and twenty hours ago, and had lain there, hopeless of relief until he became unconscious.

Thus relieved from great anxiety, I had leisure to observe that the storm had already burst, and had been raging round us for some hours past. Our way down the mountain was thus rendered doubly dangerous ; but at last we reached the good pastor's dwelling in safety with our charge. His bruises were dressed, an opiate administered, and he soon slept or seemed to sleep.

Arnold then proposed to me to resume our *chasse*, but I was too deeply interested about Hezekiah to leave him for the present. I

promised to rejoin the hunter on the morrow, however, and with this understanding he somewhat angrily departed. When he was gone, I returned to the sufferer's bed-side, and anxiously watched there, not I fear so much for his sake as for my own. I desired vehemently to learn from him what had become of Zillah, and strove to frame some form of inquiry to which it would be least painful to him to listen.

At length, as night advanced, he awoke more at ease, and took some refreshment from the old Pastor's hands. He remained silent, however, though he kept his eyes fixed on me with a solemn and earnest look of inquiry. At length, his friendly host left us alone, and then he spoke the words I so longed to hear.

"Thou desirest to hear tidings of *her*.

Tell me first what has brought thee here, and what thou hast heard of her?"

I told him as briefly and quietly as I could, the story of my adventures, and that the last I had heard of Zillah was her departure with him from the convent. He looked at me with as much surprise as his stern features would admit, and repeated my words:

"Her departure with me?" he said slowly as if reflecting what my words could mean: "I knew not of her departing. I saw her once in that prison of souls, the convent; but when I returned thither again, she was gone. Ay! gone with that old blind leader of the blind whose ministry long ago she found was nothing worth."

I endeavoured to conceal the emotion of overpowering happiness that these words gave

me, but the keen eyes of my companion read my heart, and a momentary expression of bitterness passed over his own pale lips.

“I would be alone;” he said, “and so wouldst thou.”

I obeyed his suggestion and soon found myself in the open air, under the starlit vault of heaven which appeared scarcely wide enough for the expansion of my overcharged and grateful heart.

CHAPTER XI.

Pesame de vos el Conde.

Count, and thou art called to die,
O ! it grieves my soul to see :—
Thou hast erred—but yet I thought
Pardon might be found for thee ;
That the error love commits,
For love's sake might pardoned be.

CANCIONERO DE VALENCIA, 1571.

I WALKED to and fro beneath an avenue of tall trees ; high above me rose the snowy Alps, from amid whose recesses a new hope had dawned upon my weary heart. The

spirit of Zillah seemed to float among those pure and lofty solitudes—to hover over my head, and to bless me with an intensity of happiness and hope.

Beneath me, in many a mingled maze of dim and shadowy beauty, lay a wide-spread landscape, receding downwards, onwards, towards the lake, that gleamed, star-studded, in the distance. Beyond it lay the humble cottage, so long the shelter of my mournful exile. But what strange shuddering, and presage of undefined mysterious ill rose up from that far spot to mar my new-found happiness, and chill me in the first warm glow of triumph?

I thought of that poor village girl, whose anxious heart was beating there; of her who loved me in my obscurity too well; of her who had soothed my sorrow, and cheered

my solitude. And what could she now be to me ?

And then I thought of the stern Arnold, who was now expecting me upon the mountain ; of him, so rugged and uncompromising with me ; so gentle and devoted to his Marguerite. His invitation appeared to me more like a challenge, and must be accepted. I must leave the suffering enemy, who had been a messenger of mercy to me, in order to meet the stalwart friend, who might be about to wring my heart.

I did not hesitate ; I slung my carbine over my shoulder ; and grasping the stout pole that my wakeful host had presented me with, I set forth for the châlet just as the first stars were fading. Our patient was likely to require some days' rest before he could be moved, and ere to-morrow's light

I hoped to stand by his bedside once more.

It was high noon when I reached my destination. I found Arnold at the hut. He received me with great civility, and offered to share his meal with me. As soon as we were refreshed, he proposed to start.

“If your lowland nerves do not fail you,” he added, “we may take a short path through scenes of grave sublimity and beauty. But resolve you well, for deadly peril may befall you, if you even tremble.”

I replied to his taunting tone very quietly: I had feelings struggling within me that left no room for a thought of personal fear.

We were soon among the snows, ascending by a circuitous path the cliff on which we had shot the chamois. Magnificent prospects opened beneath us, and all around; but above, nought except the spotless snowy

mountains, relieved against the deep-blue sky. Our way became momentarily more difficult : deep rifts yawned beneath us, looking dark in their profundity of snow : avalanches hung above us, and sometimes startled the ear by their thundering descent into the far vales below. Still my companion pressed forwards, as it seemed to me, with unnatural energy.

At length we came to a wide, deep fissure, beyond which only a narrow ledge of rocks presented a resting-place for the foot, and seemed to lead round the base of an icy cliff, that towered high above it. Arnold sprang across the fearful chasm, and reached the opposite ledge : for a moment he tottered there, and reeled over the precipice ; but he righted himself by a violent and active effort, and stood safe. He then beckoned to me, with a taunting air, to follow, as he clambered

along the crumbling edge of the opposite cliff. I felt awed, but unappalled, by such an unaccustomed danger ; I hesitated not, however ; making up my mind for every consequence, I sprang from firm ground with desperate force, reached the opposite crag, and steadied myself there.

I then followed the hunter along his perilous path. A turn of it brought me to a still narrower spot, where Arnold stood confronting me ; beyond him there was no farther way. He appeared less conscious of our imminent danger, however, than the vultures did ; for a huge pair of these obscene creatures now began to wheel round us, nearer and more near, till I could perceive the foul odour of their bodies.

But Arnold heeded them not. He pointed downwards, where yawned a precipice of a thousand feet, bristling with icy spikes and

pointed crags. I thought he must be deranged, and shuddered, in spite of myself, at what now seemed to be inevitable. But I followed his dark eye and gesture, as they glanced from the abyss beneath us, wandered on, over the intervening mountains, the valleys, and the lake, and at length rested on a faint white spot beyond. It was the village where Marguerite was then watching, and, perhaps, at that moment, praying for us. I felt her kinsman's simple and sublime appeal, but I did not shrink from it. I, too, gazed mournfully, yet calmly, on the place to which he pointed, and his countenance grew darker as I did so.

“Englishman!” cried he; “thou seest yon spot which offered thee an asylum; thou seest there too, with thy mind's eye, the innocent trusting child who gave away to thee her heart; and yet thou tremblest not, though in the presence of one who has sworn

to avenge her. Thou hast nerves of iron to match thy harder heart; but neither shall avail thee here, if thou hast wronged, or ever had a thought of wronging her. Here, upon this awful altar of eternal purity, I swear, that thou shalt die, or vow to render justice to her honour!"

The words and menace of the excited hunter scarcely surprised me, I had already read them in his looks; but I should have spurned them, had I not respected and felt for his passionate emotion.

"Arnold," said I, "you have wronged me deeply and dangerously. If a thought of evil had been lurking in my heart, your threat would have roused it into proud resistance: but I have known life too mournfully, and dared death too often, to let the hope or fear of either influence my will. I have no pride—I have deep pain in defying you.

Had you thus spoken to me some hours ago, I would have grasped your hand, and thanked you for your championship of one whom I would joyfully have called my own; but now I can only feel for yonder lovely girl, as *you* do, tenderly, respectfully, and without one warmer thought. Arnold—I loved a lady long ago, in my own land; I have mourned her in my exile, not only as one lost to me for ever, but as one dishonoured, and unworthy of my love. By a mysterious chance, her honour has been vindicated upon this distant mountain, and my love is restored to her with such devotion, that to think of any other would be adultery. Your own hand has produced the witness of her honour: the crushed wretch whom you rescued from the grave has restored her to my heart.—Now you know all, and may do your worst; but the Heaven that is above us and around us

be my witness, that I never wronged your dear kinswoman with a thought that could offend an angel."

Arnold listened to me with eyes of piercing and stern inquiry ; then, turning away his face, he remained silent for many minutes. Making, at length, a strong effort of self-control, he extended to me his hand and said, hoarsely :

"It is true. I see it is true ; though the strangest of all truths. Hadst thou faltered in a single word—had thy cheek changed colour — thou hadst died ; ay, though my body were blent with thine in one bloody mass—below there—in that icy gulf. Thy trial is now ended : I offer thee my hand in proof of my belief, but not of my forgiveness. I respect—but I shall loathe thee whilst I live. Let us be going now ; if indeed we can go, for the sun has

been shining hotly on our snowy path, and it may exist no longer towards the south."

I turned cautiously on the narrow and slippery ledge that overhung the precipice, and endeavoured slowly to retrace my steps. When I had passed the angle of the rock, I found, as my guide had apprehended, the path was gone. Ledges of icy rock projected here and there, but no living thing could have trodden them and lived!

Above us towered an inaccessible pinnacle of snow, beneath us yawned a ghastly gulf, whose depths were unfathomable to the dizzy sight. Our situation appeared utterly hopeless, and the vultures wheeled nearer and nearer round our devoted heads. I looked at Arnold; his practised and undaunted eyes were calmly scrutinizing every ledge or fissure of the ice that offered the slightest chance, but apparently in vain.

“Why did you bring me here?” I demanded of him; “could you not have put your question to me elsewhere, without involving, at the same time, a murder and a suicide?”

“I will tell thee,” he replied; “since both of us will scarcely survive for future explanations. I was almost certain of thy guilt; from all I heard and saw of thee, I could easily discover that thou wert of high rank in thine own country. I know, too well the code of honour there! I have seen too much of your Wilmots and your Gorings, not to be acquainted with their principles. On my arrival at Lausanne, I soon ascertained from my poor, poor, artless child, how her affections had been given—not cautiously and with calculation as in your chill country—but unreservedly—utterly and for ever! I heard

of your nightly meetings ; of your long protracted intimacy ; but never one word of marriage ! What, indeed, would a poor village girl have done in your lordly halls in haughty England ? Well ! that poor village girl is all that remains to me on earth to love, to care for, to protect. Since her father died, she has been to me as my own child—my comfort, hope, and pride. In an evil hour, I left Switzerland to toil for her, and not vainly, in foreign lands. Returning with wealth that might have made her a bride for princes, I found her, as I thought, the pastime of a masquerading outlaw. Of him there was but one question to be asked, and his answer involved life and honour. Hadst thou fallen by my hand on the spot that gave thee refuge, or had my death consummated thy triumph, my child's fair name

would have been tarnished. Here, if either of us perish, it will only be talked of as an accident. Do you understand me now?"

"So well," I replied, "that I acquit you of all blame. Let us, then, as true comrades, forget all else for the present, except how can we best stand by and assist each other. If I fail you, believe me to be the villain that you thought me yesterday."

For the first time since our acquaintance, Arnold's features assumed a kindly—almost a gentle expression.

"I would, that I had known thee better and sooner;" he said, as with a sorrowing but a manful gaze he examined our forlorn position. He shook hands with me in silence; wrote some lines on a leaf of his tablet and placed it carefully in my hunting frock. Then, he said, solemnly:

"There is yet one chance, but it is a

fearful one. Thou seest this long steep slope of snow? It must rest on a ledge of rock, or of ice, firm enough to bear some weight. It swells out over the chasm that divides us from the living world; and beyond its edge there seems good footing on the opposite cliff, not a dozen feet apart. Now, if you have nerve and activity enough, you may slide along this bank of snow, and spring for your life when it ceases to support you. There is no other hope."

"And you."

"Will follow, or precede you, as you please; you have a right to choose."

"Which do you recommend me?"

"To be last; for then, if I fail, you may try some other more desperate-seeming but happier chance."

I waited for no more: breathing one earnest prayer, I committed myself forth-

with to the snowy steep. I shot down it with a rapidity that almost took away my sight, but as I felt the cold air blow up from the abyss beneath, I made one desperate spring; the gulph yawned blackly below me for one moment, the next, I was landed on firm rock beyond; trembling, I confess it, in every fibre of my frame.

As soon as I could steady myself, I looked up. There — some hundred feet above me—was Arnold, separated by that awful chasm from the ‘living world,’ as he had said a few minutes before. He was now kneeling on the snow; his head was bowed very low, and his hands were clasped upon his breast. The vultures were still flapping their dark wings impatiently, as they wheeled in still narrowing circles over that solitary man.

At length he rose, and with a thoughtful

but brave air, once more looked round upon his magnificent mountains and his distant home. Then, girding his belt firmly round him, he descended on the shelving snow. It was already deeply marked where I had passed, and he endeavoured to keep himself in the same track ; as he launched himself on the declivity I turned away my eyes ; I could not bear to watch the fearful experiment. I listened to the rushing sound, however, and held my breath to hear his foot fall on the snow beside me. I heard it not ; but instead of it, a sort of groan, and nothing more. When I looked up at last, I saw nothing but the mountains and the sky, the dark abyss, and the vultures hoarsely screaming, as if baffled of their prey !

I have witnessed many terrible scenes in my time, but never one that thrilled me with such horror as this brave Switzer's fate.

I did not dare to dwell upon it then, however, for I had still a most perilous path to tread, without a guide or any experience to direct me. Evening, too, was stealing upward from the valleys, and to pass the night among those glaciers was certain death. I started at once upon my lonely way ; sustained—nay, winged—by desperation, I bounded along where the chamois might have feared to tread. I climbed steep precipices of uncertain snow, and leaped wide fissures in the ice that would have defied my best efforts at another time. And still I pressed forward, acquiring fresh confidence, and a stronger momentum of mind as well as body, at every conquered danger.

At length, I stood upon the grass, the soft familiar grass, that seemed to me like the blessed shore to the half-drowned sailor. I then descended more leisurely, and, almost

in an exhausted state, I reached the good pastor's house at midnight.

There I found a kind welcome, and sincere sympathy for my comrade's dreadful fate. The old priest seemed grieved, but not shocked to hear it. Such dismal accidents were too common amongst his mountains to excite surprise. When I explained to him the spot where I had lost my companion, and inquired whether we might not be able to recover his body, he replied :

"In the cottage adjoining mine, lives a widow with three brave sons. Her husband's corpse has lain unburied for sixteen years in the very chasm that you speak of. He was one of the few who ever reached the glacier that surmounts it, and he was lost on his return. No human eye will ever see him more." So saying, the venerable priest led me to a chamber, in which was a bed of fir

tops, and there, notwithstanding all my trouble, I slept a dreamless sleep.

The next morning, I found that the Puritan had a slight access of fever, which was considered a favourable sign, but of course increased the necessity for quiet. I could not rest. Seizing my carbine, I once more set out towards the fatal glacier, and attempted to explore its mysteries. In vain. Never, until the "world shall melt with fervent heat," may the bodies of those who rest in the crypts of that icy wilderness be revealed!

For some days longer, I remained in the house of the good pastor of the mountain. I did not wish to leave it until I had some further conversation with the Puritan, but I was enjoined for the present not to disturb him. Day by day, I proceeded to my hopeless search for Arnold's remains, and returned each night to the hospitable *presbytère*.

At length, Hezekiah appeared restored to comparative health, and expressed to me a

wish that he might be removed from being a burthen on the poor priest. I invited him to my humble cottage ; but I did not describe it as humble, fearing lest he should construe the expression into a reproach. It was all the home that *he* had left to me. After some consideration, he replied :

“ Yea, I will even go with thee. My carnal pride revolts so much against thy hospitality, that it must be my duty to accept it. Let us go.”

We departed accordingly. The generous priest would accept of no return for all his care, not even of my gratitude, to which he said he had no claim. His poor little chapel, however, wanted some repairs, and I was still able to afford the few gold pieces that would render it comfortable for the good man and his humble flock. Even this trifling matter, however, I was obliged to arrange with one of the village elders, who, doubtless, has faithfully discharged his trust.

CHAPTER XII.

I come

* * * * *

If thou and nature can so gently part.

The stroke of death is a lover's pinch

Which hurts and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,

It is not worth leave-taking.

SHAKESPERE.

It was on the second day from our departure that Hezekiah and I found ourselves on the lake, moving swiftly towards my exiled home. I had forborne to press my companion upon the subject ever uppermost in

my thoughts. He was now my guest, and far from having recovered his strength. Indeed, though his external injuries were almost repaired, he looked as ghastly, and appeared to be as weak, as ever.

My thoughts were diverted from him by our approach to the shore of Lausanne. I looked forward nervously to meeting poor Marguerite, who, I felt certain, would be watching on the shore. As I revolved in my mind how I should best reveal to her the fearful fate of Arnold, I bethought myself of the paper he had committed to me just before his death. I searched eagerly, and at length I found it. In a leaf of his tablet he had written the following words :

“ I have been the occasion of bringing this brave Englishman into deadly peril : I write this, in case I should not survive it, to

recommend him to the care of every true Swiss. My will may be found in my strong box at Ouchy.

(Signed) ARNOLD BERTHIER."

He had not mentioned his niece; perhaps he shrank from doing so, as I was to be his messenger. But I learned afterwards, that his will contained the tenderest messages, the wisest counsels, the most anxious directions for her whom he loved as his own child. It appeared also that he had acquired considerable wealth in the course of his industrious career, and that he had bequeathed it all to her.

The more I thought of his love for her, the more anxiously I strained my eyes to discover on the shore the graceful form that so lately was daily presented to my eyes. But, as the boat drew near, I saw she was not

there. Nor did I land at the usual place, but coasting on for half a mile, I carried the Puritan ashore close to my own cottage. In another hour, a fire was blazing on the hearth, and my guest was reposing in my bed, surrounded by such homely comforts as my means afforded. He cast his keen glances over my simple apartment with an air of great interest. He had scarcely spoken during our voyage, but now, before he settled himself to rest, he said to me :

“I thank thee for thy care. I shall not long be a burthen to thee, or to the earth, which I have so long unprofitably encumbered. To-morrow I will tell thee more.”

So saying, he sank into a troubled sleep, as evening approached, and I hastened anxiously to the well-known walk by the waterside, where I always expected to meet with Marguerite.

Autumn was already come; and instead of the warm, glowing evenings, when the daylight appeared only to be sleeping, it now seemed dead. Night approached blackly, and a cold, dreary wind crept along the gloomy surface of the lake. Funereal silence pervaded earth and sky, except where the weary waves were sobbing against the leaf-strewn shore.

A feeling of instinctive dread came over me, as I paced to and fro upon the lonely path: I almost expected to see the spirit of her who was wont to meet me there: but nothing, except the dark stems of the pine-trees, met my view. At length I could bear the suspense no longer. I proceeded to the little village, to the well-known inn. No sound of life was there, and the door was closed.

I obtained admittance, and found myself

in the little parlour, where I had first seen Marguerite in all her pride of life and winning beauty, seated by her happy mother's side. That mother was there now, worn and wasted with watching and weeping; her child was stretched upon a bed of sickness, unconscious of all joy or sorrow.

The poor widow welcomed me with affectionate earnestness; she still recognized me as the preserver of her daughter's life; perhaps she thought I was the possessor of her daughter's love. At all events, she welcomed me as frankly and more kindly than ever.

"Her child had fallen ill upon the very evening of her uncle's departure, some ten days ago. She had caught cold, she knew not how."

But, too well did *I* know, "she had kept her bed, and grew daily worse; and now the

doctor said there was but little hope for her!—But I must see her angel girl, and who could tell that she might not remember me, and that it might not do her good.”

I did not hesitate to accept the poor mother's offer to visit her dying child. Her first announcement had stricken me with such anguish, that all further trial seemed of no account. I longed to look upon that gentle, lovely face once more: however changed, I should still read there the pity and the love that shone over me when all else was dark.

I entered the little chamber where she lay; paler was her beautiful face than the white linen that she pressed: no marble statue could seem more still, and fair, and lifeless, save for the rich wavy hair that streamed wildly round her pure calm brow, and down upon her pillow. Her eyes were

closed, but their dark orbs shadowed the transparent lids that veiled them ; her delicate thin hands were crossed upon her breast. I thought that she was dead, as I involuntarily knelt beside her.

With the most gentle force I took one of her cold hands in mine, and pressed it to my lips, softly murmuring her name. The tremors of life seemed to steal through her frame ; she slowly opened her eyes, and once more looked upon me. A smile of ineffable beauty passed over her pale lips, and she uttered faintly these few words :

“ My dream was true ; I knew thou wouldst come for me from thy grave among the mountains.—I am ready.—Let us go ! ”

She strove to turn towards me with these last words, and in that effort died.

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Three days afterwards, I attended her

funeral. Poor Marguerite ! she lay upon her little bed, as before ; not a whit more pale or less beautiful. They had dressed her, as for a festival, in virgin white, and a wreath of living flowers encircled her dead brow. She seemed to me apparelled exactly as when first I saw her, in the pride and prime of life !

In an outer room, also dimly lighted by torches of pine wood, sat the childless widow, surrounded by weeping friends, whose sympathy did not seem importunate to her simple sorrow. And when the child was carried out, crossing her own threshold for the last time, those friends gathered round the mother, to hide that last departure from her sight. Then we moved onward into the open sunlight ; and onward, towards the grave. As we passed each house, its inmates joined the sad procession, with heads uncovered

and glistening eyes: there was not one mere formal mourner there. At length we reached the last, best resting place of weary humanity; the beautiful form of our loved one was lowered gently into its dark bed, and the earth closed over all that was mortal of young Marguerite.

* * * *

“ Sweet flower ! with flowers I strew thy bridal bed ;
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doth contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Marguerite, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honoured thee, and being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !”

CHAPTER XIII.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor heart's content ;
No house, no home, no biding place :
But wandering forth he went
From towne to towne in foreign landes.
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his forepassed ill.

THE WANDERING JEW (ANCIENT BALLAD).

IN the painful sense of vacuity that followed, I turned with feverish interest toward the Puritan, in order to distract my thoughts. For the last few days I had ministered to his wants in silence, with which he seemed well satisfied. I now told him that I had been attending the funeral of a dear friend, but for the future that I could devote more time to my duties as his host.

“They will not long be needed,” he replied solemnly, “my pilgrimage is nearly accomplished; my most wretched existence is drawing near its close. Wonderful has been the guiding that led me to thy roof for my last shelter — that appointed thy hand to close my weary eyes—thine ears to receive my last and only confession. Yes—Reginald Hastings, thou hast heaped coals of fire on my head, and they have melted my stubborn heart. I always, even when I hated thee, respected thy bravery, and would have loved, whilst I pitied, the gentleness of thy heart. For my hate—it has never harmed thee as it has harmed me. No—though it has left thee houseless, landless, and alone in a land of exile; still thou hast acted according to thy light, dimly as it shone for thee. In poverty and despair, thou did’st not turn to mercenary bloodshed for subsistence, or to de-

bauchery for a coward's comfort. I find thee here alone, wrestling manfully with thy fate, and dignifying privation with contentment, and energetic fortitude. Thy hand is hardened by honest work, and thy brow is darkened by the sweat of noble labour. Yea, thou hast wrestled bravely with the angel of thy fate, and won from Him his blessing.—For me, who hated thee, and triumphed over thee, I have no such retrospect, as thou shalt learn. Why should I not tell thee all? What have I to seek shelter in but humiliation and self-abasement, and what sterner penance can I perform than to make what the Papists call my shrift, to thee?

“I was born like thee,—a Cavalier and a high Churchman;—that is, as one who saw nought in politics but a King; and nought in religion, but its priests. I was brought up in the half-heathenish sort of education that becomes such principles. When Nature

made me ready for the world, I was fit for nothing but to fight my way through it, like a wild beast that preys on blood. I became a soldier therefore ; I was fearless and subtle, and I obtained notice. I went to France with the Duke of Buckingham ;”—here the Puritan seemed as if he suffered pain which kept him silent for a few minutes. He then resumed, in a sterner voice : “ I became his favourite—his minion rather,—for he dared to trample on me when I would not humble myself to all his caprices. We quarrelled ; he sent me on a ‘ forlorn ’ against Rochelle, in hopes to quiet me. Most of my party were slain ; I was taken prisoner, my junior officer escaped and was promoted.

Meanwhile, I lay, wounded and forgotten, in the hospital of a French prison. I will not attempt to tell thee what visions then presented themselves to me ; what realities I

beheld that transcended all imagination. Hour after hour, astounding truths flashed new light upon my long-blinded and darkened soul. It awoke to a consciousness of its pollution ; it endeavoured to purify itself, and conceived the great ambition of self-regeneration. From that time I was a changed man ; new thoughts rushed in upon my mind, until my brain reeled beneath their pressure. As they assumed form, they gradually shaped themselves into a destiny. I felt that I had a great mission given to me to fulfil. By fasting and prayer, I prepared for a just trial of my faith : I resolved to escape from prison in the open day : if I failed, I should perish, and there was an end of all ; if I succeeded, I should take it for a sign.

“ I *did* succeed, miraculously ; I was led thence to Geneva, where I refreshed my thirst

after divine learning, at the fountains opened by Calvin and his great disciples. I felt called to England, and I reached that enslaved island, I scarcely know how. My tyrant, Buckingham, was then in full power; supreme over the country and the country's King. I felt called upon to work a great deliverance for Israel; but first I resolved to seek a sign; for I sometimes held fearful doubts that the old man was not dead within me, but survived—lurking and disguised in my regenerated soul.

“I presented myself to Buckingham, and I made claim upon him for my sufferings in his cause. Not that I cared for aught that was in the all-powerful minion's ability to bestow; but I thought that if he gave patient ear unto me, or showed human feeling—that then, it might be—he was not ordained to die by my hand. But he spurned me; he

vilified, he blasphemed me, and—he died. Yes, I—John Felton—slew him with this right arm, and felt that I had done a righteous service.”

The assassin became silent, and his countenance assumed an expression, such as it might have worn when the knife was weltering in the rich veins of Buckingham. Conflicting passions were raging in his memory, as if but just awakened; his teeth were set; his eyes rolled wildly, and the very hair upon his head was stirred, and seemed to creep; whilst his emotion gave him momentary strength, and he sat upright on his pallet—a fearful sight!

The village surgeon had left some soothing medicine, which I now offered to the unhappy man. He dashed it from him, exclaiming fiercely:

“Accursed be all opiates and the repose

that they can give. Accursed be all the soothing delusions that wrap the soul or body in lethargic rest, when they have the great work of eternity to perform. I once thought otherwise,—I once thought that when my spirit was frozen by despair, it was a calm from pleased Heaven that brooded over it. When I smote that unhappy man, I felt even so ! I walked contentedly in front of the tumultuous crowd that gathered round him. I felt that they could not harm me—and they did not. In vain was the bitter anger and vengeance of England's King ; in vain was torture threatened ; I told my Lord of Dorset, who thought that steel and fire could wring secrets out of a soul like mine ! I told him that he was the only man I should accuse — and he threatened it no more.

“ I was condemned to die by England's

Judges, but I had been self-condemned before —by my own heart. I offered the right hand that had committed the dark deed, as a free-will offering; but the stern Justice, that stood by English law, forbade it. My life, and nothing but my life, would formal justice have; and she had it not. The people were with me; my guards were with me; the very executioner and the wretches who were to share my fate—all hated Buckingham. The felon about to close his eyes on England by England's laws, still hated the minion Buckingham.

“I know not how they managed it; nor care. Some one of my brother malefactors was hanged twice over, or some one else was hanged, I cared not. I knew that I was not fated then to die, because I longed for death as a weary child for sleep. I was saved by some juggle, and set free. I loathed my

crime then;—ay ! horribly. I had resolved to slay the man Buckingham, but I had not thought of his immortal soul, now tortured among demons for ages everlasting. Once more I sought a sign to justify myself: I smote my right hand with a sword, but it was severed. I did not reck the loss of limb, the pain, the enduring mark of shame: I felt only the destruction of my assurance that I had been appointed to slay that man.

“Humbled as I was, I sought her—with whom alone the hapless, the doomed, the despairing are sure to find refuge, if not sympathy—my mother. She was aged, and forlorn, and in poverty; but she received me, and she comforted me. Blessed be the few months that I passed under her humble roof! they were the peace fullest of my whole life. I took orders; none knew that I bore a name of ignominy: I entered into your church and

I, the convicted felon, had a pulpit to preach from, and a house to shelter my mother. I preached too boldly. I was driven from my pulpit, banished from my home. I could not remain a pensioner on my parishioners. I wandered away with my poor mother, in midwinter. She died. I rebelled against the church. I made myself friends among the friendless ; I became the favourite orator of the London people ; and yet, I never spoke to them one word I did not feel.

“ The leaders of the great popular movement then courted me ; I was admitted to their councils ; I soon obtained more weight there than was convenient to them. I was sent away to the north under a plausible pretext ; I remained for months an inmate of — ”

The Puritan's voice had for some time been failing—*had* failed from time to time,

but had been recovered and sustained thus far. Now his lips moved, but no sound proceeded from them, and yet he knew it not. It was awful to see the various emotions of his supposed confession pass over his changing countenance, and yet to hear nothing!

The shades of night gathered over us; profound silence wrapped all around, and the fitful gleaming of the fire alone threw its light upon us — the imaginary speaker, and the eager watcher for a word that might throw light upon his future life. Hitherto, with a clear articulate voice, had the Puritan spoken of himself; now that he was about to speak of Zillah, his voice failed him, faltered, and was gone.

At length he seemed roused to a consciousness of his inability to speak. He groped under his pillow, as one blind, but he was unable to do more; his attenuated hand rested

where he had placed it; and so, after his stormy and passioned life, that gifted and crime-stained man passed away.

Morning came at length, brightly and hopefully shining over that house of death, and darting light and life into everything save the pallid body that once had energy and daring enough to set itself against the old power of the English throne. I rose from feverish dreams to gaze upon the wasted corpse. I remembered his last gesture, and sought beneath his pillow for what he had failed to tell. I found there a letter directed to me; it was from Zillah, and had been opened; it was dated long ago, and ran thus:

“ FOR THE LORD HASTINGS.

“ Some time since, I wrote to you to say that I had been visited by one whom you remember well. He had almost persuaded

me that I ought to surrender the administration of my poor father's property to the Parliament, for the present. Indeed, I should have done so, but that he at length proposed to me to return to England—and with him ! I at once retired from the *grille*, and was somewhat disturbed to find that the abbess had been a listener to our conversation, and she was an Englishwoman. From that day forth she persecuted me with her attentions, her arguments, and her controversy. I attempted to take refuge with poor Phoebe ; but at length I was forbidden to see her ; she was under some 'soul-saving discipline,' as they expressed it.

“ Meanwhile, time passed on, and a year expired since we had entered the nunnery. I was disturbed one morning by more than usual ringing of bells, and sounds of life within the convent-walls. I inquired the

reason, and was told that a bride of the Church was about being wed. I was invited to the ceremony. I saw a veiled novice kneeling at a gorgeous altar: I heard solemn music, and priests chaunting joyfully: the abbess approached the poor victim of the Church, removed her white veil, and cut off the rich auburn hair that clustered round her lowly-bended head; then, like an eclipse, a black veil descended on the new-made nun, and all was over. One more triumphant hal-lujah pealed through the chapel, and the sister turned to take her place among those who have left the world for ever: I then saw my sister!

“ Oh! she was so pale and spirit-like in those shroud-like robes, that I scarcely believed, scarcely hoped, that she was alive! She was—alas! dead to me.

“ From that moment I was debarred from

all access to their new nun. But I was tempted by every conceivable device to follow her example. My obduracy at length moved the anger of the sisterhood; I perceived that I could no longer remain in peace among the Ursulines, and I was meditating how or whither I should depart from there, when I was sullenly summoned to the grille once more.

“My summons was accompanied by a request from the abbess that this visitor might be my last, for she felt that scandal might befall her convent, owing to the number of men, heretics, too, who presented themselves for admittance at its gates. I went thither with reluctance. It was, however, with unspeakable joy that I then found our old Chaplain, poor Phœbe’s earliest friend. He had been forced by the Puritans to leave our old home. He had wandered away

over England, wherever he could find hearers for his doctrine. Thus he had never received the letters that Phoebe wrote to him, in our distress, from London.

“At length he had reached that city, where—to all wanderers, sooner or later, are surely attracted. He had heard of my poor father’s death. He had traced us painfully to St. Germain, and now he stood before me, jaded and faint, and in beggar’s weeds. When I told him of Phoebe’s fate, the faithful old man was well-nigh overcome.

“‘I have lost her,’ he exclaimed; ‘she who was the star of my evening—my only hope on earth—my child, my child!’”

“And, so saying, he lifted up his voice and wept. I tried to soothe him. I claimed his assistance—I prayed him to accept me instead of her who was lost to him.

“Finally, I have arranged with him to take

me hence to-morrow. And yet I know not where to go. By the murder of the King, a wide gulf seems opened between me and my former friends in hapless England. If in my foolish childhood, I was prepossessed against kingly power, I can still less stoop to that of successful soldiers and bravoës, however sanctified. France is almost as distracted as our own country, and Germany is a wilderness. Switzerland appears to me to be the safest refuge. Amongst her brave and free people I perhaps may find repose.

“I leave these hurried lines with the *concierge* to be delivered to you. If they are not asked for, I shall think that you have not survived the war. Farewell.”

CHAPTER XIV.

And its hame, and its hame, and its hame we fain
would be,
Though the cloud is in the lift, and the wind is on
the lea;
For the sun, through the mirk, looking blithly on
mine 'ee,
Says, I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.

OLD BALLAD.

I COULD easily imagine the manner in which the Puritan had become possessed of this letter. I could less understand how he had reconciled himself to its appropriation. But his was a character that made for him-

self his own laws, and was satisfied to act by them. His naturally great capacity, and prejudices warped by untoward circumstances, formed a mass of contradictions, which nothing but his own vehement and constraining will could force into one channel.

Felton was one of those whom enthusiasm, at the same time, inspired with supernatural power, and made it impracticable for any useful or sustained purpose. His strong passions lent their aid, at once to intensify his energies, and to render them abortive. He was so intent on controlling others, that he neglected his own self-command.

If he had not met with Zillah, he might have risen to almost any influence amongst the men who then ruled the people, whose power was based on influences less powerful, but more steadily maintained than those that he possessed. With the proud consciousness

of genius by which genius is always possessed, he was ascetically humble, and self-condemned by convictions of his own great guilt. He only aspired, therefore, to rule through the medium of another, and that other he sought in Zillah. His ardent imagination had invested her with the attributes and destiny of Joan of Arc. Her sublime beauty, her high purity, her singular eloquence, he imagined fitted her for such a mission ; and who shall say that she did not lend a temporary ear to such flattery ? To be the saviour of her distracted country ; to unite a divine and apparent duty with that ambition which lurks, however secretly, in the gentlest heart ; to obtain a bloodless victory for the principles of faith and freedom ; all this seemed not impossible, perhaps, to her youthful and excited fancy.

But all this was over now ; her castles in the air had faded, had been resolved into a common cloud, which had been accidentally converted into glory by the sunlight of imagination. All whom she had loved had passed away, even the cause of spotless purity that she had hoped to see triumphant. I saw her, in idea, a lonely exile, like myself ; perhaps by this time deprived of even the old chaplain's protection : with all her beauty, isolated among strangers.

I determined, as soon as I laid the poor Puritan in his grave, to set out in search of her. My home had become insupportable to me ; the land, the lake, the very skies seemed to be in mourning for Marguerite, and perpetually to reproach me with my heartlessness.

I sold the little property I possessed ;

and once more mounted on my black steed, I looked my last upon that lovely scenery, and all its haunted woods, and paths, and GRAVES.

I soon found myself at Geneva, and the old goldsmith, whom I had before employed, had letters for me. One was from Bryan, and to the following effect: it was dated from the well-remembered house in London, where we had so long been guests.

The young Cavalier had taken to his new profession with characteristic enthusiasm and energy; he had been proportionably successful — successful beyond his hopes. After two years' absence he returned to Venice, where he found our friend the merchant, with his daughter; the mother had died soon after she had reached her native city. Bryan, having won both fame and gold, was received with consideration

by the Venetian Seignory. They tendered him a high command, but the merchant had offered him his partnership. The Empire of India would not have tempted him to hesitate, when Fay was in the balance.

He had gratefully accepted the merchant's proposal, and was now in London on matters of business connected with his new vocation. Party persecution had almost ceased, and he had been unmolested. He had seen even Hotspur in the city, and had given him my address.

The other letter was from that redoubtable Cavalier, and ran thus :

“ My worthy Cousin,

“ They tell me you are turned Swiss, and have made your sword into a reaping-hook. Well for you, to have anything to reap besides laurels, which are such a barren

crop. I have turned into something stranger still—a man of business! Yes! I have been up in the North, trying to disinherit myself, and, thank Heaven, I have succeeded. I got a ‘pass’ into Lincolnshire; and by using half as much ingenuity to be honest as that d——d Hezekiah did to serve his master the devil, I have succeeded. I have proved that humbugging deed to be a forgery—and so you’re welcome, my Lord, to your own home whenever you please to return and can get possession of it.

“But, by the way, the scoundrels of the Close Committee have confiscated your property, and the old Manor itself is so be-devilled by the Roundheads, that nothing but a few old Puritan jackdaws can find comfort there at present. However, the royal standard will be raised once more

in a few days, and all will then be right.

‘ The King shall have his own again,
And a fig for the Close Committee.’

“ P.S. On the strength of that fig, I screwed money enough of your farmers to pay myself for the money I sent you—which in good sooth I wanted sorely. I tell you no more news, for this letter may never reach you—moreover I expect daily to see you in the field, scampering along upon old Satan, with a scarf across your cuirass, and a cheer for King Charles as your cry.

“ Your’s affectionately,

“ H. H.”

This letter was of an old date. Since it was written, the fatal fight of Worcester

had ruined the last hope of the Royal cause. Our King, was like myself, an exile.

I had let fall Bryan's letter, as I was reading that from Hotspur; they had both been addressed to "Master Neville," by which name alone I was known to the old goldsmith. He picked up the letter I had dropped, and as he handed it to me he hesitated, and at last said timidly:—

"You will pardon me, I hope, for having accidentally seen the name by which your correspondent addresses you. I have had inquiries made frequently for Lord Hastings, which I was unable to answer. Dare I do so now?"

I answered eagerly in the affirmative, buoyed up with a rising hope.

"It was only an old man," the goldsmith resumed: "a very old and reverend-looking man, who was making inquiries in that name.

I have done some business for him, and but yesterday furnished him with certain monies for his travel. He has been living some time at Versoix, he is now on his road to Italy."

I waited for no more. I scarcely stopped to ask which road, and I found that I must have passed the chaplain, (for I doubted not that it was he) upon the road. I was soon mounted and retracing my steps far more rapidly than I had before travelled. At Morges, I heard that an old man and two females,—closely veiled, had just left that town. In a few minutes afterwards I was by Zillah's side.

* * * *

All coldness, all distance, all reserve had passed away. We were alone in the wide world but for each other; and yet the world seemed no longer lonely.

We proceeded into Italy. We were obliged to pass through Lausanne ; but we traversed it quickly, and my wife Zillah did not even ask the reason why. To this day, she only knows that I there laboured for long years, and that there the Puritan found a grave. Poor Marguerite's story will never be known as long as I am living.—Let woman's love be ever sacred !

* * * *

At Genoa, superb Genoa, we found repose. There, by the glorious waters of the Mediterranean, beneath the joyous sun of Italy, we passed some happy years. But still, deep longings after our own distant country would often mingle with the sense of enjoyment. Often, when gazing pensively upon the sea, some English ship, or—it might be, only some English-looking cloud, would cause our eyes to meet, and seek and find a sympathy ;

each of us could read in the other's thoughts the picture of a sea-beaten shore, bordered by green hills, with oak and hawthorn woodlands reaching upward to the old Manor.

But the chaplain never seemed infected with this home-sickness. He felt so near his final home, that he thought little of any resting-place upon the road; and never was mortal pilgrim more gently borne towards his goal. His last hours, too, were watched over by Zillah as by a daughter, and his spirit rejoiced in her return to the services of his beloved Church. For my wife now numbered the vague doctrines of the Puritans among the disappointing aspirations of her younger days. She had hoped to find in it a reformation of the Reformation—so pure an essence of her ancient faith, that controversy itself might find no more material for its strife. Her hope had failed — she

had seen many of her preachers become wild, and,—in some instances, profane sectarians : she had seen many of her patriots degenerate, into “self-seekers,” demagogues and regicides. Her zealous mind experienced a reaction proportioned to her overstrained enthusiasm : she now feared Puritanism more even than Papistry, and would have taken refuge from democracy in despotism itself.

Nor was she singular in thus rushing to extremes. The mind of the multitude in England was similarly changing ; and from time to time, vague rumours of returning loyalty reached even to our exile. Booth’s insurrection had nearly recalled me to my native country, but the sinking health of the old chaplain, and reluctance to leave my wife alone among strangers, delayed my departure until too late.

We were expecting anxiously, however, to hear the result of an undertaking, that, if successful, was to restore us to our homes. We were sitting on the sea-shore, watching a ship from the westward, which might, we thought, be the bearer of momentous intelligence. It was evening, and our aged friend made an effort to accompany us, in order to enjoy the glories of a southern sunset. We pillowed him against a grassy bank and endeavoured to inspire him with the interest we felt in the approaching vessel, — but his thoughts were elsewhere. He smiled unconsciously at our hopes, and he smiled still more at our fears. The ship cast anchor, and her boat approached the shore: I hastened to meet the mariners, and the first man who leaped ashore was Bryan.

He had been induced to join Sir George

Booth, had been defeated, and had gladly taken refuge in a ship bound for Genoa, where he knew that I sojourned. His wife was on board the vessel he had just left; and, by his account, Fay was more beautiful than ever.

We hastened with these tidings to where Zillah sat, with the old chaplain half resting on her arm; she held her finger to her lip, to enjoin caution as her patient was asleep. We approached softly; he was indeed sleeping, but it was the sleep of death; yet he still seemed to smile.

CHAPTER XV.

And all within, the riven walls were hung,
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sang :
There were rent curtains, broken comforts plast,
Altars defiled, and holy things defast,
Disbruised spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,

* * * * *

Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

SPENCER.

ENGLAND is still ringing with the sounds
of joy that welcomed back her Charles to his
throne. With him came many an exile
in his father's cause ; but none knelt

more gratefully than I did, at my own threshold, ruined though I was, as I offered up thanksgiving for my own and my sovereign's restoration.

But I was soon reminded that I was a trespasser there; on the soil, and under the roof tree that my ancestors had possessed for ages. The Roundheads had confiscated our estates, and given them to a Quaker named Malachi Meekly, in consideration of large sums of money advanced by him to carry on the war. This individual had wrung what rents he could from the land; but he had allowed the house to fall to ruin; indeed, he had never visited it until the King's return to London induced him to seek for retirement in these remote parts. This individual now presented himself before me, and with a resigned air demanded what I wanted:

“Strong men,” he added, “and fierce dogs

would not be wanted to compel my retreat, if it was not a voluntary and hasty one."

He delivered himself thus, very gently, and with his small eyes cast down ; but when I announced my name, he cast on me a keen, sudden, and alarmed glance that inquired whether I was come to dispossess him. I felt too grateful for my safe return, and was too much moved by the associations of all around me, to feel hostile towards my usurping adversary. I told him that I was aware he had purchased his present property ; that I held it far more dear than he could do, and that I would gladly repurchase it at any price, within my reach, that he chose to set upon the old house and property. I was enabled to make this offer by the wealth that had accumulated in Zillah's name during our long exile ; not only her father's lands, but

his large pecuniary investments had been honestly and judiciously cared for by her puritanical kinsfolk.

Master Meekly only read in my offer an admission of his secure right to enjoy my property, and his heart was glad: In the same resigned manner that he had threatened to let loose his dogs upon a stranger, he now contumeliously repelled my offer, and warned me never to present myself again upon his lands: he informed me also, in the gentlest manner, that if any one belonging to me was ever seen within his bounds, such persons should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. I did not trust myself to answer the bland ruffian. I walked away pensively, though irritated; and before I reached the castle, (or Saxonbury Hall, as it is now called, resuming its ancient name,) I had resolved to visit London, and there endeavour

to recover what was to me the hallowed home of my fathers.

I found Zillah anxiously occupied in repairing poor Phœbe's ruined garden: it was the first task that she had set herself on her arrival. She had seen her sister as we returned through Paris; and this garden seemed to be the poor Nun's only point of interest. When I told Zillah of my intentions to plead my cause before the King, she shook her head, but did not attempt to oppose my journey. She did not share my hopes of its success.

I only waited to see my old friends once more, and to thank the few who remained of those who fought for my escape. I seemed to behold a new generation, when my former tenants presented themselves. Many were altogether strangers to me; I had seen them, perhaps, when they were

curly-headed children playing on the village green ; but they were now stalwart, bearded men ; their fathers had grown wondrously aged, I fancied, for so short a time—anxious as it was. The former elders had quite passed away ; some few, they said, had died of broken hearts, when the King was slain. The name of Blount was scarcely then remembered ; though now it is carved upon a marble monument, raised by the sea-side, in memory of as faithful a service as ever was performed. Rosine had watched over her husband's father till his death, and had then wandered away, none knew whither. I never could discover her.

I shall not weary the Reader with any account of my journey to London. I fear he must be already well-nigh weary of my wanderings. Suffice it to say, that London presented such a change in its aspect,

its manners, and its temper, as might appear incredible, on considering the vast matter there was to change. Whitehall was already restored to its former glories. The Banqueting Hall had lately resumed its convivial functions, so awfully interrupted by the late King's death. I now found myself awaiting his successor's audience, as I stood in the window that had opened on the scaffold.

Familiar as I had been with the martial court at Oxford, I was astonished to observe the changes that had taken place in it. With reverence be it spoken, I could almost have fancied myself at Versailles. The only courtiers who seemed at home here, were jabbering French, and lisping foreign oaths, through beards trimmed in Parisian fashion. Instead of casting off the slough of foreign dress and manner, these coxcombs seemed to adhere to both as a test of quality: the

corruption, without the grace, of Louis's Court still clung to them. As different in appearance as men of rival nations, were the old Cavaliers, who crowded to an audience of their restored King. A stern and martial look was worn by many amongst whom I recognized former friends ; but the greater number exhibited an air of gay and reckless levity that contrasted, not agreeably, with grey hairs. I made this observation to the stout old Earl of Craven, who replied—

“ Yet those are the fellows, depend upon it, who will get any thing from our new sovereign. A ribald jest, or a quaint conceit, will prevail more than all our scars and forgotten services. You, I presume, are come to seek for compensation ; or perhaps restoration of your paternal land. Let me tell you, reluctantly, you have no chance. Clarendon and his Machiavellian brother states-

men have determined not to disturb any 'vested interests,' I think they call them; and as for compensation, all the money that the exhausted Treasury can grasp, is scarcely sufficient to buy jewels and yellow starch for Lucy Waters and her kind."

This was discouraging intelligence, but I soon made my way to the Chancellor himself, who confirmed it.

"Any property," said he, "that has been confiscated, may perhaps be restored; but the amnesty exempts all those who have meantime enjoyed it, from being obliged to make retribution, and property that has been legally bought and paid for, must so remain."

I was silenced. I determined, however, to press for an audience of the King from a sort of sentiment. I had long time to wait, and my suspense was the more disagreeable

from the remarks made upon me by the court witlings. I was, of course, set down as a suitor for some favour; every one in that crowded hall, except the professional courtiers, *was* a suitor, men of all classes, claims, and characters. Will Davenant wanted a play-house, because he had corrupted the garrison of York by his debaucheries and his wit; Gauden wanted a bishopric, because he had pirated the fame of Icon Basilicon: dissolute soldiery wanted promotion; ruined gentlemen wanted compensation; all the poets wanted to be laureats, and all the pamphleteers to become secretaries of state. In short, everybody wanted everything. Most of those who were disappointed consoled themselves with their strength of claim, and not a few repeated these familiar lines out of Hudibras, by way of reprisals:—

But this good king it seems was told,
By some who were with him too bold;
“ If you want to gain your ends,
Caress your foes and trust your friends.”

The strangest application of all, perhaps was made by a Dominican friar, who came to beg for alms towards a church in Spain, wherein the soul of the late King had been prayed for. I had been observing the motley crowd for some time, watching with interest for the old familiar names that were applied to new persons—Rochester, Southampton, and Buckingham, for instance. The latter might, perhaps, be taken as the type of the second Charles's court, as Digby was of the courtiers of his father. Buckingham was brilliant, fascinating, witty, gracious; but volatile, superficial, madly extravagant, and heartless. He had sufficient tact, however, to be very useful to his master; he always endeavoured to conciliate the old Cavaliers, and treated his meaner brother courtiers with contempt. I had watched him moving through the room, for some time, with interest; at length he approached a group of

silken parasites, who were playing cribbage, and occasionally devoting their souls languidly to perdition upon some point of the game.

“D— your diminutive oaths!” exclaimed Buckingham. “If you must swear, swear handsomely; swear by the loud thundering and eternal immortal Ju—”

“Swear not at all!” interrupted a solemn voice, which appeared to be recognised, but not by many; for the garb of the speaker was that of a Dominican friar, and his voice was the voice of Goring, Earl of Norwich! I might multiply these strange incidents innumera-
* bly, in speaking of this extraordinary court, but my conscience warns me not to trespass further on the reader’s patience.

At length I obtained admission into the presence. The King accosted me with an air of such frank and fascinating courtesy that I immediately forgot all my vexation at

delay. He received me without the least formality, led me into a window recess, and enquired about my affairs ; alluded to my father's character and services in a manner that gratified and surprised me ; assured me that if what I desired could be done for any man in England it should be for me, and dismissed me with the kind expressions of regret, that he was unable to grant my prayers at once. I took my leave, and he never thought of my affairs again ; and yet my gracious monarch is no hypocrite. Nay, more, I am almost as much obliged by his attention to my cause as if he had granted it, or been able to do so. How little do people in power know their power !

As I was leaving the presence, I met my cousin Hotspur pressing in. He turned back with me, however, and declared, with delight, that now he had found me, he would not leave

me for any King in Europe. He had sought for me in all directions, and hitherto in vain. He had just learned that I was at court, and the object of my being there.

“ Save yourself that trouble;” he continued: “ if these fellows had assisted you, you would have no comfort in your acquisition ; what between these insatiable expectations of remuneration, and the obligations they would haunt you with the sense of. I have settled all this affair for you by my own right hand and giddy head. Your Quaker’s possession of Beaumanoir is not worth a rush ; he has almost as little right to it, as I had. He purchased the property as confiscated from *me* ; I have proofs that I had no right to it, and his title falls to the ground. The Committee-fellows knew they were in a scrape, and they sold him your broad lands for a mere song ; you can pay him his whole price, if you are

generously minded, out of a couple of year's rent. There, say no more about it, my dear coz ; and that's all I beg of you, in return for any little trouble that I have had in the business. Now the audience is nearly ended, and I must make a dash for it. Farewell !”

THE END.

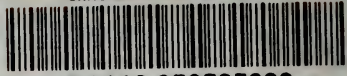
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